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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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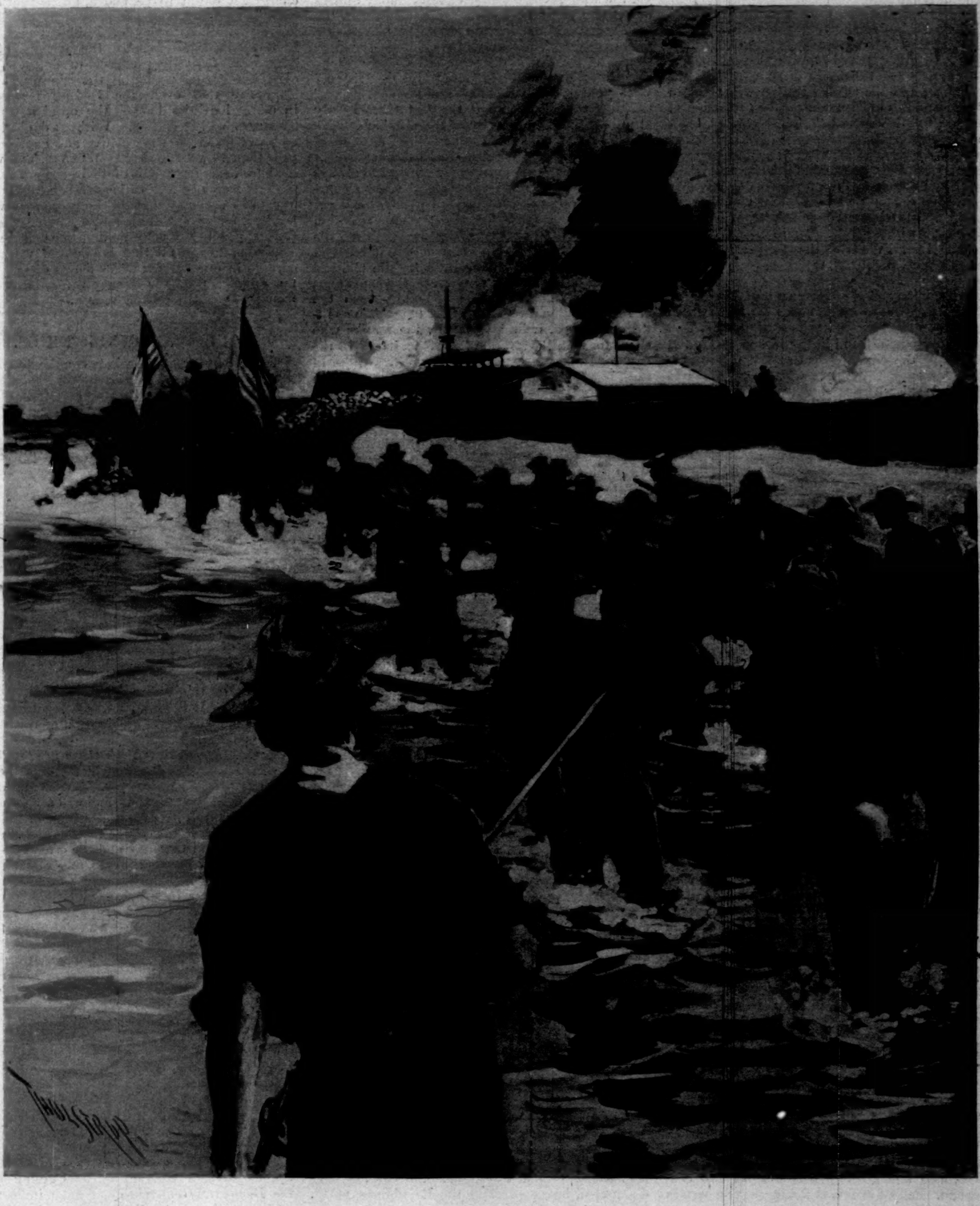

THE FALL OF MANILA.

THE DETACHMENT OF 1ST COLORADO VOLUNTEERS ADVANCING TO THE ATTACK ON FORT SAN ANTONIO ABAD, AUGUST 13, 1898.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER A SKETCH BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON, SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL MERRITT'S FORCES.—[SEE PAGE 1007.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1898

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WE are beginning to play a part in Eastern affairs even before we have obtained any foothold there. The rumored outbreak in Peking furnished excuse for solicitude on the part of our government, and the administration was right in sending war-ships to Tien-tsin for the protection of the American minister and American citizens. It is to be regretted, however, that some of our friends in England look upon our anxiety to protect our own people as evidence that we are to participate in the plunder and division of the territory of a friendly power. We cannot do that without violating the essential and fundamental principles of our government, or without inflicting immense damage upon ourselves. We trust that the prophets of ill will be disappointed.

THE Tammany city government of New York is doing its utmost to create a scandal from which Mayor STRONG's government shall suffer. Mr. VAN WYCK has charged fraud in the letting of asphalt contracts by the city, and has sent the matter to District-Attorney GARDINER, with instructions to pursue the guilty parties until some of "our most honored citizens" shall be placed behind the iron bars of the penitentiary. It is apparent on the face of the Mayor's case that too much has been paid for paving the city streets with asphalt. Perhaps there is an answer to this, and perhaps it will be forth-coming. At any rate, not one particle of evidence exists as to fraud on the part of the city officials, and not a single reformer's name is yet involved in the Mayor's so-called exposure.

THERE is an element of both tragedy and comedy in the curious position occupied by Major MARCHAND at Fashoda. Recent accounts would seem to show that if the enterprising French officer reached the Nile a little too late to enable his government to make much political capital out of the fact that he got there at all, it was exceedingly lucky for him that he did not get there any earlier. A hundred and forty negroes and five Frenchmen make but a small army of occupation for a new empire of central Africa, but when they are confined to narrow intrenchments and in danger of being cut off from necessary supplies of food the matter grows too serious for a joke. The arrival of the Anglo-Egyptian expedition at Fashoda would seem to have saved the little party of French explorers, and it is to be hoped they will be content with their good luck. There is something ludicrous in the feverish anxiety with which France is stretching out to grasp new territories which can only be a burden to her people; but of all the instances of this national folly, none can be more foolish than that which strives for a precarious and isolated footing on the upper waters of the Nile. Experience shows that distant possessions, unless colonized by the intruding race, are never profitable possessions to any nation; but when they necessarily involve hostility to powerful neighbors, it is little short of insanity to seek them. France has promoted Captain MARCHAND to be major; she will now do wisely to order him home.

IS China profiting by the Russian alliance to the extent of drawing lessons from the history of her somewhat overshadowing neighbor? It may be so; indeed, it is not inconceivable that some friendly Russian diplomat may have suggested to the Empress mother of the Celestial Empire a study of the career and methods of another Empress mother, who flourished in Russia some two centuries ago. Recent events at Peking have a certain rich Russian flavor about them suggestive of some, at least, of the methods of the Empress CATHERINE, and their occurrence at a time when St. Petersburg and Peking are so closely in sympathy is curiously suggestive. How far the moon-faced dowager, who has supplanted her son at Peking is capable of the rôle of the great but unamiable Empress of Russia must be as yet a matter of doubt, but it would almost appear as if she were ambitious of making the attempt. The robe of Cæsar, however, fits not every one; and if the revolution at Peking has indeed been suggested by Russia, there are many reasons for supposing that the Dowager Empress will meet with many difficulties which were absent from the path of her imperial prototype who lorded it so proudly on the banks of the Neva. It may be, indeed, doubted whether China is exactly the place, and, still more, whether the close of this century is precisely the time, for a successful repetition of the great career of CATHERINE of Russia.

RIOTS—and Sunday riots as a matter of choice—are an old and favorite amusement in Paris, and the fact no doubt tends to lessen their significance; yet the widespread disorder of last Sunday affords one more sign of times that are threatening indeed for France. It was but the other day, indeed, that mobs, consisting probably of very much the same people as those who distinguished themselves by shouts of "vive la liberté" and "vive la révision," were yelling "à bas ZOLA" and "vive l'armée" till they were hoarse; but the fact takes hardly anything from the gravity of the situation. The indications all point to the arrival of another of those periods of general unrest and excitement which, for more than a century past, have always been followed by tragic events in the French capital. Nor can any observer fail to see that there exist ample reasons for the popular agitation which makes the surface of French political life to-day resemble the thin crust of a smoking volcano. A century has done little for the political education of the French people, and the experience of many revolutions has not taught them the A B C of national reform. "La liberté" is as little understood, indeed, to-day by the masses who shout for it in the streets of Paris as it was in the days of ROBESPIERRE, or in the glorious times of the First Empire, or as it is to-day by the so-called republican statesmen and rulers of France who cringe at the feet of the army.

IT is evident from the news which already reaches us from southeastern Europe, while Mr. STRAUS is still on his way to his mission at Constantinople, that the relations between the United States and Turkey are likely to become interesting. Mr. STRAUS has several questions of moment to deal with. In the first place, he is going to try to compel the Sultan to pay the indemnity which he owes for American property destroyed during the Armenian outbreak. The Sultan has persistently refused to pay the amount which he owes, and he is a very obstinate man. Mr. STRAUS, however, has had more success in dealing with him than any other American minister who has represented us at the Porte during ABDUL-HAMID's reign. Perhaps, then, he will prevail upon him to pay over the few thousand dollars which he owes Americans; but it cannot be denied that the situation, for a small one, is difficult, and may involve this country in a war with Turkey. Mr. STRAUS has, however, also to deal with difficulties placed in the way by Turkey to the recognition of American citizens. This problem is not wholly one-sided. A good many Armenians and other restless subjects of the Sultan secure American citizenship for the sake of going back to plot against the government. On the other hand, the Sultan's government is not averse to taking advantage of this fact for the purpose of harassing real American citizens who are perfectly innocent of any hostile or treasonable thought against him. It may be that Mr. STRAUS's mission will be elevated to an embassy, for the purpose of enabling him to carry out the instructions of his government. It is clear, at all events, that the government has determined to do its utmost to settle its differences with Turkey. It is for this reason that Mr. STRAUS, who is a Democrat, was appointed to represent it, and it is for this reason also that he has been authorized to negotiate for the elevation of the mission to an embassy.

IN the issue of the WEEKLY of October 1, in an article entitled, "The Revolt against QUAY," doubts were expressed as to the possibility of the defeat of QUAY by the independent movement which has made Dr. SWALLOW its candidate for Governor. QUAY's power in Pennsylvania thus far has been almost absolute. He has not only dominated, but controlled the Republican party. He has placed his creatures year after year in the Gubernatorial chair and in the legislative branch of the government. Nor has his power been confined to the control of the Republican party. By agreement with corrupt Democratic leaders he has dominated that organization. The legislation of Pennsylvania has been such as he directed. He has made laws to meet the wishes and gratify the cupidity of himself and his followers. The public funds have been at his disposal; the public property has been at his mercy; even some of the judges have been his obedient servants. The federal patronage has been his, and he is accused by his political opponents of actually selling post-offices for money and for votes. Under his rule, politics in the State of Pennsylvania has been a vulgar debauch; and thus far the public conscience of the State has not sufficiently awakened to drive this man from power. He and some of his henchmen are now under arrest for using funds of the State that were deposited in the People's Bank, of Philadelphia, for purposes of private speculation. The charges which have been made against QUAY, and the WANAMAKER exposures, ought certainly to help Dr. SWALLOW. These charges, it ought to be added, are supported by written evidence, and are pressed by the Republican District Attorney of Philadelphia. It is now asserted, indeed, by the friends of Dr. SWALLOW, that they expect to defeat QUAY's candidate for Governor at the coming election. They say that even the leading Republicans in many localities hazard the opinion that Dr. SWALLOW will be elected. Without doubt the enemies of QUAY are more active and energetic this year than they have ever been before, and we are glad to hear from one of their leaders that the outlook seems to him to be exceedingly hopeful. We trust devoutly that his fondest hopes will be realized, for we can imagine no greater good that can happen to the country than the defeat of this impersonation of all that is vile and vulgar and corrupt in our politics. The defeat of QUAY will not only be good for Pennsylvania, but will immensely benefit the whole nation.

OUR UNCROWNED KINGS.

IT will be well for the whole country to consider the condition of politics in the State of New York. Not that it is wholly exceptional, for the boss is almost everywhere, and his power is extending. He has not yet made his appearance in New England, but from the account of the Connecticut machine which was published in the last issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, it is clear that the conditions exist in that State for his production in his most odious form. Apparently he is not there now, because there is no one of especially distinguished ability among the leaders of the Connecticut machine. He exists at his best in New York and Pennsylvania, but he is also to be found in New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, California, and in many other States. For the moment he is under an eclipse in Maryland, but those who believe him to be dead there are hugging a delusion. He appeared first in the city of New York. Thence he has assumed control of State affairs. Finally he is seeking to control the making of Presidents, to direct the very occupant of the White House, and to influence legislation. It is high time that the whole country was taking careful observation of this product of our politics.

In the State of New York there are two bosses. One is the head of the Republican, and the other that of the Democratic party. Mr. PLATT and Mr. CROKER are absolute rulers, and will divide between them the authority over the affairs of the State. The people have the power to vote, and they may beat one boss at one time and the other boss at another time, but they can never, under existing conditions, defeat both bosses at the same time; and they can never influence nominations, except as they have compelled Mr. PLATT to nominate ROOSEVELT, under the threat of defeating the Republican party at the polls and electing the Democratic ticket. As Mr. PLATT happened to desire a Republican victory this year, and as he probably knew that such a victory would profit him personally, he obeyed the popular wishes. Yet Mr. PLATT could have refused the nomination to Mr. ROOSEVELT in spite of the clamorous demands of the Republican party, and might have made a bargain with Mr. CROKER by which the Democratic candidate would have been elected, to the profit of both of them—and it is for the profit of the boss, and of the machine by which his power is maintained, that party politics is now managed. The Republican convention registered Mr. PLATT's decree. But PLATT was omnipotent in the Republican convention, as CROKER was in the Democratic convention. Each indicated his wishes, and was implicitly obeyed by the delegates to his party convention. These delegates may have been voted for by some innocent persons in the belief that they would deliberate and express their own opinions, or the opinions of their constituents. They did nothing of the kind. In

the State of New York the political convention as a deliberative body is as defunct as the old-time notion of the electoral college. There is no more real need of the one than of the other. Both are maintained as dry husks, because of a law which contemplates a living entity. A delegate to a New York convention would no more vote against the command of the boss of his party—the boss by whose selection or consent he is a delegate—than a member of the electoral college would vote against his party's candidate for President. The delegate is a mere tool of the general or the local boss, as he is a legal part of local or State machinery, and, therefore, the more ignorant and brutal he may be, the happier he is in his degradation. But how of the voters of the party? How do they enjoy being denied all participation in the task of nominating candidates? It would have been an admirable lesson for them if PLATT had exercised his power and had refused a nomination to Mr. ROOSEVELT. On the other hand, CROKER certainly exercised his power, and named whom he would; more than this, in naming Judge VAN WYCK he nominated a man who did not want to be a candidate, who did want a renomination for judge, but whom he compelled to accept as his humble henchman. Here is power indeed, and good citizens are wondering whether PLATT can equal it after Mr. ROOSEVELT shall have been chosen Governor.

These absolute rulers of these respective parties also rule the State, either by turns or together. The boss whose party has succeeded commands the legislative branch of the government as he commands the convention of his party. Generally he commands the Executive also, unless he slips up in his choice, as PLATT did in nominating BLACK—not for the advantage of the State—and as it is to be hoped that he may—for the advantage of the State—in nominating ROOSEVELT. As a rule, however, he is omnipotent. He directs what laws shall be enacted, and what moneys shall be expended. He selects the agents who disburse and steal the public revenues. He chooses the manner in which these laws of his shall be executed. If he finds a law on the statute-book which he does not like, he orders that it be not enforced. If he finds a law that will injure his enemy, he directs that it be put in operation against the obnoxious person. He permits his followers to prey upon the trade and commerce of the State by threatening or enacting injurious legislation. He also permits his followers to increase their incomes by the sale of special privileges, of the right to violate the laws for the preservation of public order and for the suppression of vice. If he finds a law pressing too heavily on himself or his followers, he has it amended or repealed. In fact, he governs by decrees. Under his rule deliberation has ceased, not only in political conventions, but in legislative bodies. He is a despot as powerful as any ruler in the world, limited in his power, however, both as to its extent and as to its endurance, by the necessity under which he is of keeping his janissaries well fed at the public expense.

This is the kind of rule which New York is enduring to-day. Whether PLATT or CROKER win makes little difference. The individual citizen has no voice in the management of his party, and he is not represented in the government of the State. New York is no longer a democracy. At the best it is an oligarchy. Like a free city of the Middle Ages, it is sometimes under the heel of one baron and sometimes under the heel of the other. These barons make hay while the sun shines, and do their utmost in that direction. They are in politics for their own interests, and look after them with an intelligence and a diligence that offer an example to better men. The question for the people of the State of New York is, How long are they to endure this usurpation? They, at least some of them, think that they live in a self-governing community. They do nothing of the sort. They live under the rule of a boss, now under PLATT, now under CROKER, in either case under the rule of a man who has not been chosen by themselves, or by any other power having the legal right to make the selection of a ruler; who has not inherited the right to rule; who is not entitled to rule by native or acquired capacity; who, from his character, has no right to sit on the humblest bench of government. Another question is, What does the nation think of the prospect of the expansion of boss rule throughout the Union? Have we seen the end of the day when conventions everywhere shall be servants of the boss—when a national convention, for example, shall register the decree of a national boss, as the recent State conventions of New York registered the decrees of PLATT and CROKER? Are the voters to cease entirely to have any voice in the selection of candidates? Must they remain content to choose between candidates who are put up by bosses in private, and with a view to the interests of the boss alone? If so—if the rule of PLATT and CROKER is to be adopted throughout the country—if the self-appointed boss is to be king over us—then our democracy is perilously near being a failure.

We are confident, however, that boss rule is only a passing phase of democratic government, and that the remedy is working already. We think that Mr. ROOSEVELT's election will aid in breaking the power of one boss at least, for we cannot imagine him as the subservient creature of Senator PLATT, or of any other man. We think that PLATT, if he has any illusions, will be disappointed, and that the vigorous morality which has heretofore animated Mr. ROOSEVELT will declare itself when he shall be seated in the Governor's chair. Moreover, he is the one of the two candidates who can be counted on to overthrow the boss of his party, and thus do much for the relief of the country from the rule of the uncrowned kings who now regulate our affairs and dominate us, and who will, in our distant lands, represent and disgrace us before the world, and bring upon us, we fear, much trouble and suffering.

PECULIAR PEOPLES.

THE little and irrelevant episode of the appearance of the French at Fashoda should not divert attention from the steady advance of the British from the Cape northward and from the Mediterranean southward. Possibly excepting the Russian and British struggle in Asia, this double and convergent advance is the most important movement that is going on in the world to-day, and it is much more intelligible than that struggle. That struggle, indeed, in its present aspect, recalls the saying in which MILTON summed up the wars of the Saxon Heptarchy. It is "the confused cawing of kites and crows." It is possible that, after the bickering has died away, we may be able to discern just what has happened in Asia. But we can discern what has happened and what is happening in East Africa without having to make any allowance whatever.

The really important thing in Africa is the concession, which now seems inevitable, from the Portuguese to the British of the railroad inland from Delagoa Bay. The Boers of the Transvaal are a far more formidable obstacle in the way of the "Cape to Cairo" scheme than a party of casual Frenchmen at Fashoda. And nothing could tend more to remove this one serious obstacle than British control of the railroad inland from Delagoa Bay. "Oom PAUL" and his Boers may lament and expostulate, perceiving their doom in the transfer. They may even appeal to Germany to prevent the consummation of the outrage. But all the consolation they are likely to get is foreshadowed in a rumor from Berlin, published in the London *Times*, that the Kaiser himself has described his egregious telegram of congratulation to President KRUGER upon killing the Englishmen engaged in the JAMESON raid as "most unfortunate."

"Other times, other manners." Doubtless the Kaiser just now regrets that effusive message, whether he has said so or not. But it is true that the Boers command a large share of the sympathy of disinterested mankind, and they command it on what may be called picturesque grounds. They are the descendants of the Dutchmen who settled South Africa in the seventeenth century, at the same time when other Dutchmen, like-minded with themselves, were settling New York. The Yankees, "the cunning men of Pyquag," undermined the American Boers before the seventeenth century was out. It was not until the nineteenth that the British threatened the African Boers. The African Boers are, as the poet observes, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow." They have been building up a patriarchal and pastoral semicivilization upon the models of the Old Testament. That semicivilization is in direct opposition to the civilization of our time. It has been protected up to now merely because it was "remote." But when the territory that it occupied in its slow and melancholy way began to yield gold and diamonds, the state of patriarchal isolation was doomed. What has happened, is happening, and is about to happen to the Boers is what has happened to the Mormons. It is what must happen to every people which cherishes a notion of civilization widely different from the accepted European standard. Such a people can maintain itself only by isolation. When civilization grows up to it, it must yield or die. That is what has happened in Utah; that is what is happening in the Transvaal; that is what must happen in China. Nothing can save the "peculiar people" when civilization catches up to them but a fresh migration. They must "inspann and trek." That is what the Boers did, until they could do it no longer. That is what the Mormons did, until the Union Pacific Railroad overtook them and undermined them. But the Boers and the Mormons, and, for that matter, the Chinese, are now at the end of their tether. They must be assimilated to what the progressive nations regard as civilization, or they must disappear from the earth.

THE CRISIS IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

THE session of the Austrian Reichsrath that began on the 26th of last month is destined to produce results of the first consequence to the Dual Monarchy, and ultimately to Europe. Austria and Hungary are two sovereign and independent states, with absolute freedom in the management of their domestic affairs, and bound to one another only by the tie of loyalty to the HAPSBURGS and by a formal agreement to act in common on matters of imperial concern. This agreement, or *Ausgleich*, was entered into in 1867, and made renewable every ten years by a two-thirds majority in the Parliaments of Vienna and Pesth. It includes a commercial and tariff union, fixes the quota to be paid by each state to the imperial treasury, and provides for the joint regulation of military, naval, and diplomatic affairs. It is, in fact, the corner-stone of the Dual Monarchy. Without its presence the two halves of the realm would lapse into separate and possibly hostile entities, with no bond of union but such as comes from acknowledging a common sceptre.

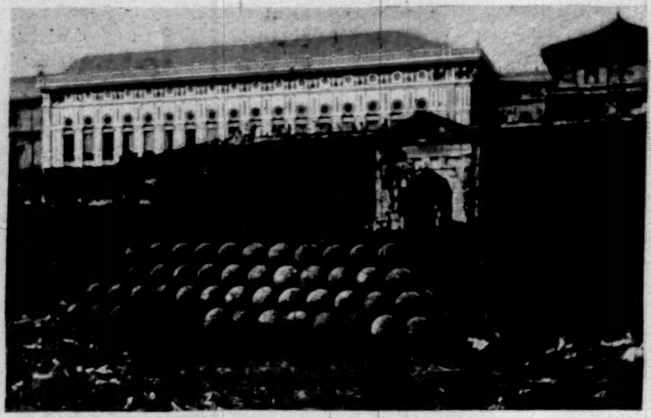
When the *Ausgleich* came up for renewal, at the end of last year, it failed to secure the necessary two-thirds majority in the Austrian Reichsrath. The Germans voted against it, not so much because they objected to its terms as in the hope that by opposing a measure of such supreme moment they could force the repeal of Count BADENI's language ordinances. These ordinances, issued in the spring of 1897 on the personal authority of the Premier, placed German and Czech on a par as the official languages of Bohemia. The political situation in Bohemia is a somewhat exaggerated duplicate of the Irish difficulty. The Czechs resemble the Irish nationalists not only in their character and historical position as the original owners of the land, but in their ceaseless struggle for home-rule. The Germans along the borders of Bavaria play the part of the English "garrison" in Ulster, despising the race by which they are surrounded, and resisting everything that threatens to weaken their ascendency. If the Irish still spoke Erse, and a proposal were made to place English and Erse on an equal footing in all the government offices and law courts of Ireland, the English at Westminster would adopt very much the same tactics as the Austrian Germans. That is to say, they would drop mere party differences, and stand as a racial unit in the way of all legislation till the proposal was withdrawn.

Attempt after attempt has been made during the past twelve months to arrange a compromise between the leaders of the German and Czech parties, but without success. Both sides stand obstinately to their guns, and even the assassination of the Empress, followed by the Emperor's plea for peace, has not changed their resolution. Meanwhile the time limit for the renewal of the *Ausgleich* has expired. If the Reichsrath is unable to ratify it during the present session, it must fall to the ground, and dualism be sacrificed with it. The Hungarians have drawn up a tariff schedule of their own, and will undoubtedly put it in force if the *Ausgleich* fail to pass. The formal union between Austria and Hungary will thus come virtually to an end, and a long stride have been taken towards the disruption of the realm of the HAPSBURGS.

On the other hand, the *Ausgleich* can be preserved if the Emperor will only take matters into his own grasp and repeal the language ordinances by royal decree. On no other terms will the Germans consent to support it. The expedient, however, is one of considerable danger. The Czechs will not tamely suffer their hopes of the last fifty years to be crushed at a stroke, and BADENI's ordinances can only be annulled at the risk of provoking a long series of riots and disorders. The Czechs are of Slav-extraction, and the Slavs number twenty-two millions, or over half the population of the Dual Monarchy. It is therefore no light matter to offend them, especially when their demands are backed up by their Russian kinsmen across the border. The repeal of the language ordinances would leave the Bohemian question as unsettled and perilous as it has been any time during the last half-century. Whichever way the Reichsrath decides, a fresh impulse will be given to the forces of disintegration, and the breaking up of the Dual Monarchy is not an event that can be contemplated without the gravest anxiety.

SPANISH GUNS ON THE LUNETA.

CHURCH AT PARAÑAQUE DESTROYED BY THE INSURGENTS.



ENTRANCE TO FORT SAN ANTONIO.

A DISMOUNTED SPANISH GUN.

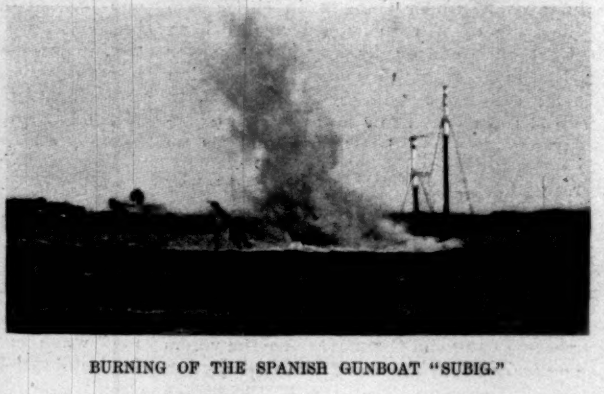
IN THE INSURGENTS' TRENCHES—FIRING A BIG GUN.

AMERICAN TROOPS GUARDING THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER PASIG ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE SURRENDER.

NATIVES TRANSPORTING STORES ALONG THE BEACH FROM CAMP DEWEY TO MANILA.

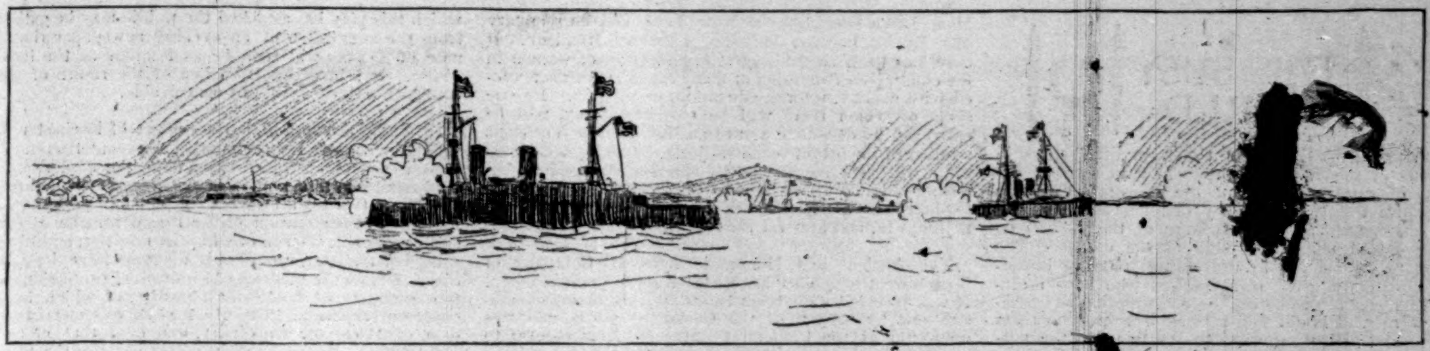
OLD MONASTERY, NEAR MALATE, JUST INSIDE THE AMERICAN LINES, USED BY GENERAL GREENE AS HIS HEADQUARTERS.

SPANISH GUNS ON FORT SAN ANTONIO, WHERE AMERICAN FLAG WAS FIRST RAISED.



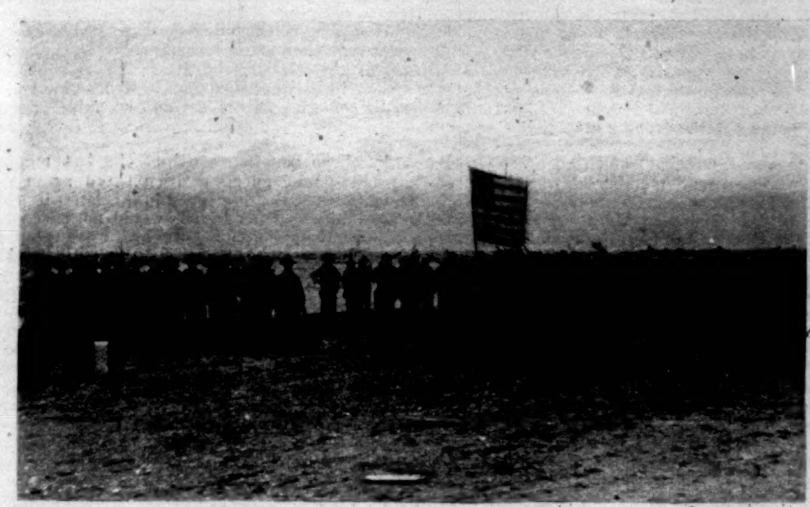
BURNING OF THE SPANISH GUNBOAT "SUBIG."

SCENES ATTENDING THE SURRENDER OF MANILA.—[SEE PAGE 1007.]



"Fort at Malate." "Olympia." "Callao." "Barcelo." "Raleigh."

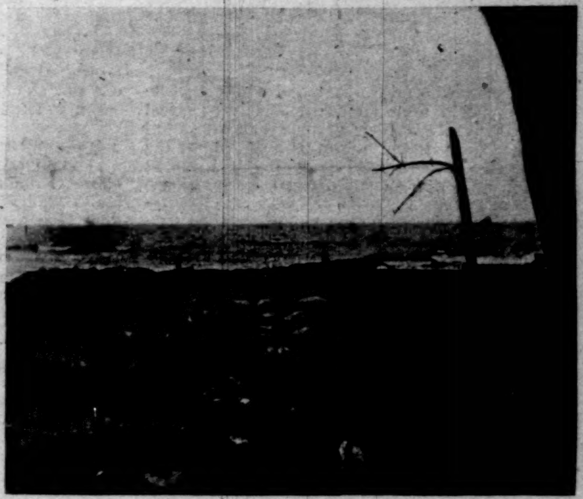
AMERICAN SHIPS OFF MANILA.—From a Sketch by John T. McCutcheon.



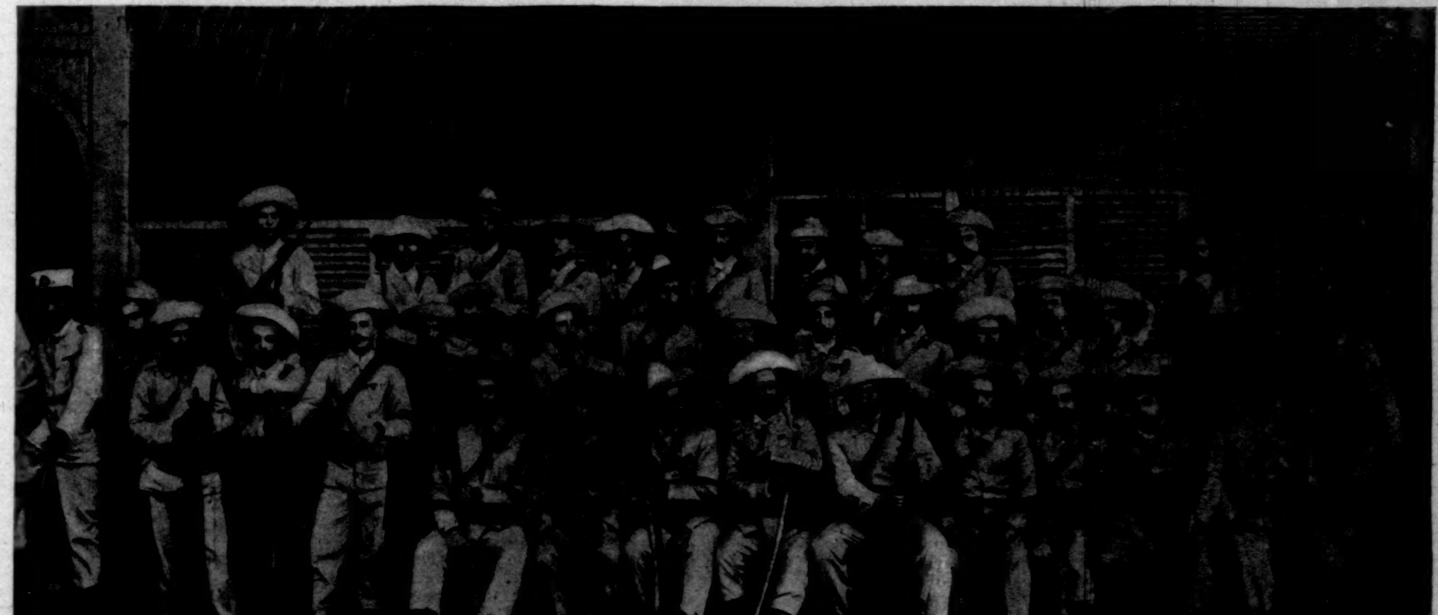
OUR TROOPS MARCHING INTO MANILA.

AMERICAN FLAG RAISED BY LIEUT.-COL. McCOY, 1st COL. VOLS.

GROUP OF AMERICAN OFFICERS BEFORE THE WALLS OF MANILA.



DESERTED SPANISH TRENCHES.



THIRD COMPANY, CASINO CLUB CORPS, SPANISH VOLUNTEERS.

SCENES ATTENDING THE SURRENDER OF MANILA.—[See Page 1007.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

Documentary evidence, in the form of pictures in this issue of the Weekly, attests how, in spite of the protests of sundry officers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Miss Nancy Leiter smashed a bottle of champagne at the launching of the *Illinois*, on October 4, and named the ship as she did so. The attempt to induce her to use spring water or buttermilk failed; and a great many persons who have no interest whatever in promoting the consumption of champagne were glad it did fail, because it seemed to them inexpedient and inappropriate to try to make the proceedings on such an occasion weigh at all either in favor of abstinence or against it. It may be proper now to warn all persons who are unduly convivial in their dispositions that it would be highly fallacious and unbecoming in them to assume that, because champagne may be safely used at the christening of a battle-ship, the government or any one else encourages its use as a beverage, or that the consumption of it can proceed except on the old, familiar terms, to wit, that every consumer shall consume at his own personal risk, and shall be responsible for all effects and results of such indulgence. Champagne was not spilled on the *Illinois* because it is an exceptionally beneficial fluid, or because the use of it is particularly exemplary, but merely because it is a custom of very long standing to christen a ship with a bottle of wine, and there seemed no good reason to depart from it in the case of the *Illinois*.

On the stand with Miss Leiter at the launching were Governor Tanner of Illinois, Governor Tyler of Virginia, Commodore Hichborn, the members of Miss Leiter's family, Mayor Harrison of Chicago, and Mrs. John A. Logan. After the deed was done, Governor Tanner presented to Miss Leiter a miniature model of the ship, of beaten gold and white enamel, three inches long, showing all the guns and life-boats and the ship's flag.

A movement is afoot to build a memorial gateway at the south entrance to the Harvard College yard, in Cambridge, in memory of the Harvard men who died in the war with Spain. The tablets in the Harvard Memorial Hall are reserved exclusively for the names of soldiers of the civil war, and some new monument is necessary for these later patriots. There were three of them, all members of the Rough Riders' regiment. Stanley Hollister, '97, died of typhoid fever at Fort Monroe after being severely wounded at San Juan; N. B. Adsit, 1900, died at Buffalo of typhoid caught at Tampa; W. H. Sanders, '97, died of fever at Santiago.

American farmers who raise wheat, and who erstwhile were so vociferous in their lamentations but now feel better, may be thankful that their reliance is on wheat and not on cotton. Very dismal reports prevail about the prospects of cotton. The United States has quadrupled her production of cotton since 1872, and the price has fallen to little more than a quarter of what it was twenty-six years ago. The price of cotton cloth has fallen proportionately. In 1872 cotton "printing cloths" brought 7.88 cents a yard, and this year they bring 2.17. That is too little, and one reads in the newspapers that planters in Arkansas are threatening not to gather their crops, on the ground that at present rates cotton, or at least mortgaged cotton, is not worth gathering. The whole trouble is with over-production in this country. Elsewhere in the world the production is very little greater than it was twenty years ago.

Sir William Crooke's declaration before the British Association that the world is fast outgrowing its wheat-supply has not been everywhere accorded the respectful credence that the calculations of so eminent a scientist might be expected to obtain. Sir William's opinion is that in another thirty-three years population will have so increased that, unless agricultural processes are greatly improved, a good many persons will have to go without bread. His figures are disputed in two particulars. It is held that the population of the earth won't increase as fast as he fears, and it is also held that his estimate of the total possible wheat lands of the earth is a great deal too small. There will be a great deal more wheat, his critics say, than he thinks, and very much fewer folks to eat it. Secretary Wilson, of our Agricultural Department, is one of the experts who dispute his conclusions, on the ground that he has underrated the capacity of the United States for producing breadstuffs to meet any demand.

Sir William's scientific prophecies are especially interesting because the time of their fulfilment is so near at hand. The majority of us grown-ups will be careless of wheat crops before 1931, but general scarcity prevailing as soon as that will be a matter of real importance to our children. But, after all, most of the worry in the world is about things that don't happen. There is enough wheat to last us another year, anyhow, and prospects of more after that. Thirty years! What shall we care for wheat then? By that time the Standard Oil Company will have acquired control of such parts of the universe as it still lacks, and all of us who are at all capable will be working for it, and the responsibility for keeping us alive will rest with our employer. Let Mr. Rockefeller brood over Sir William Crooke's predictions; it's no funeral of ours.

The secretary of the Eugene Field Monument committee reports that during the last six months the war and the hot weather have made it impossible for the committee to add to its fund, but that its endeavors are now to be resumed. The committee's purpose is to raise money enough both to build a monument and to provide a considerable fund for Mr. Field's family. It reports that its affairs are promising, and that only a few thousand dollars remain to be raised. The address of the fund is 180 Monroe Street, Chicago.

The National Council of Women of the United States holds its annual executive session this year at Omaha, under the auspices of the Woman's Department of the Trans-Mississippi Fair, and will sit for six days, beginning October 24. The president of the council is Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, of New York, and its secretary Mrs. Louise Barnum Robbins, of Adrian, Michigan. It describes itself as the largest organization of women in the country—a federation of many organizations concerned with charity, reform, education, or religion. Its sessions, of which there will be two every day, will be enlivened by discourse and discussion upon a very large number of important social subjects. The council is ambitious in its name and scope, and has arranged an imposing programme for its meeting. It will be interesting to observe how large a splash it will be able to make when it jumps in, and how far the resulting eddies will travel.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston went to Quebec last week on its annual excursion. It was received with brass bands and hospitable demonstrations by officers of the Canadian militia, and was quartered at the Château Frontenac. It is painful to record that the commander of the company, the gallant Colonel Henry Walker, who led the historical descent upon London, was severely hurt on the night of his arrival (October 3), in a sudden action with a one-horse cab. Almost in front of the hotel, it seems, the cab bore down on the colonel back end foremost, and felled him to earth, giving him two bad cuts, one of them on the nose. His injuries, though severe, were not dangerous, however, and next day the company was reviewed by Canadian Major-General Hutton, was entertained at lunch by Lord Aberdeen, and had a banquet in the evening at its hotel.

Colonel Joseph M. Bennett, merchant and philanthropist of Philadelphia, who died on September 29, was the proprietor of the store in which John Wanamaker first meditated the achievements which have since made him famous. Bennett & Co. were in the clothing trade, and in the fifties put up a remarkable store, called Tower Hall, which in its equipment and adornments was unlike any store ever seen up to that time. It had, in particular, a great spiral stairway in the middle of it running from the first to the fifth floor, which was considered a great curiosity, so that architects and builders came from afar to view it. Colonel Bennett believed in novelty and in advertising, and managed to gain for his business a very wide and profitable notoriety. For a good many years he maintained a poet, known as The Bard of Tower Hall, who sang voluminously, and with cleverness and success, of the triumphs of the retail clothing business, and the opportunities of a lifetime that it offered. Colonel Bennett made a fortune in his business, and greatly amplified his winnings by fortunate investments in real estate. He gave very liberally to the charities of the Methodist Church, and, among other things, founded a Methodist orphanage, to which he gave a tract of land and $156,000 in money. John Wanamaker entered his employ in 1854, and staid five years, during which the famous Tower Hall was built. No doubt, as an aspiring young clerk, he was strongly and permanently impressed by the methods and character of his successful employer. In 1859, when he left Bennett & Co., he set up for himself.

Bishop Potter heartily disapproves of expansion, and said so at his diocesan convention. The same convention chose Captain Mahan, who is an exceedingly sanguine and confident expansionist, to be a lay delegate to the general convention at Washington. In this action the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* finds a sign that the convention repudiated the bishop's views. It is more likely that questions of national policy did not at all affect the selection of Captain Mahan as a delegate. It is well known that he is a churchman in good standing and personally pious, and a man of very high distinction besides. He would be a very likely man for lay delegate, without any regard to his views about Hawaii, Puerto Rico, or the Philippines, and he was probably chosen entirely irrespective of the discrepancy between his political sentiments and those of Bishop Potter. Men can differ as yet about the Philippines and still esteem one another. It is not like the silver-coinage question, which the community in general felt that it knew something about. Scarcely any one assumes to know much about the Philippines, and the clouds of ignorance and uncertainty which envelop the question of their destiny help to make us tolerant of one another's views.

Hampton (Virginia) Institute has been raising its standard of admission, and has started its thirty-first year with an entering class slightly smaller than last year's, but of unusually good material. The class includes about seventy negro boys and fifty-five girls, and twenty Indian boys and eighteen girls. About one-third of all the applicants were accepted. All the Indians in the present entering class have had primary instruction in the reservation schools. The work at Hampton now is altogether a work of secondary education. This term, for the first time, the institute uses its new building for the agricultural and domestic science courses. It is described as one of the finest school-buildings in the country, admirably provided with class-rooms and laboratories, with a model kitchen, laundry, and bedrooms for the domestic-science department at one end, and, at the other, a creamery and dairy and arrangements for the study of the use of farm machinery and the care of live-stock.

There is a new interest in life, with the characteristics and dimensions of which it becomes all contemporaneous Americans to become promptly familiar. It is Edmond Rostand's prodigious play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," which Coquelin acted from December to July in Paris, and which Richard Mansfield brought out the other night at the Garden Theatre in New York. This is not the department of the Weekly in which attention is paid to plays, but prevailing sensations may be noticed here, and "Cyrano de Bergerac" is a sensation which seems bound to prevail. So far as one may judge from the chatter of folks who have seen persons who have seen the play, *Cyrano*, the hero of it, had many qualifications which entitled him to rank as the Theodore Roosevelt of his day. At any rate, one hears of him as a man of superlative belligerency, who would rather fight than do anything else whatever, and who in the intervals of pugnacious activity endears himself to his associates by the display of valuable traits. He is an ugly man, with a huge uncontrollable nose, and in that of course he differs from Colonel Roosevelt, who is pretty, whatever contrary impression unscrupulous caricaturists may have given. An idea of the virulence with which this play has attacked the public may be gathered from the suggestion of an evening newspaper that the nose of *Cyrano* will soon be as familiar as the foot of *Trilby*. It is a delightful token of the return of peace that such a thing should be conceivable.

Dr. David Jayne Hill, late president of Rochester University, who has been appointed Assistant Secretary of State to succeed Mr. Moore, is a close personal friend of Ambassador White, and it is possible that it is through Dr. White that his fitness for a diplomatic post has been brought to the attention of the President. He is forty-eight years old, the son of a Baptist minister, and himself a Baptist minister, though his energies have long been diverted from the practice of his original profession. He is a graduate of Bucknell University, of which he was chosen president in 1879. In 1887 he was elected president of Rochester University, and held that office for eight years. He resigned it, partly because the university was a little more sectarian than he liked, but largely for personal reasons, and much to the regret of the majority of the university trustees and of the friends of the institution in Rochester. He is an able man, very agreeable, highly accomplished, and exceedingly well qualified, both by natural talent and acquirements, to be the right-hand man of the Secretary of State. Dr. Hill has the gift of speech in an unusual degree, and has few equals in the art of standing on his feet and speaking at short notice.

Barnard College, so often saved at the last moment from impending mischance, has been saved again this fall. The mischance that impended in this latest instance was the possibility that her friends would not succeed in raising $95,000, the procurement of which was a condition precedent to her receiving $135,000 to go with it. The undertaking of her friends, as announced last spring, was to raise $100,000 to pay some bills for furnishing new buildings and for other things. When a good beginning had been made in the way of thousand-dollar subscriptions towards this sum, Mrs. A. A. Anderson agreed to give $25,000, provided the rest of the money should be raised before October 3, and Mr. John D. Rockefeller promised $10,000 on the same condition. Then a donor, whose name has not been divulged, offered $100,000 as an endowment fund, provided the college was out of debt on October 3. That called for $130,000, and when October 1 came with $58,000 still to be conjured out of pockets as yet unlocated, there had to be some very energetic begging and running about. But Mr. Plimpton, the treasurer, was equal to the emergency. The money was raised—it always seems to come when Barnard must have it—and now New York has a girls' college, beautifully situated, with a handsome group of buildings, with no debt at all, and with a clear endowment of $100,000. Barnard's properties are now worth nearly a million dollars, and she starts the year with 308 students. That is pretty good for a college that is only twelve years old and that has had to work hard for everything it has got. Almost all this money, too, has been raised within three years, since Barnard determined to follow Columbia up town.

It was noted in this department of the Weekly last week that the Royal St. Lawrence and the Seawanhaka-Corinthian yacht clubs had settled the differences that arose out of their sail-boat match this year, and would sail another race next year. It is worth recording that there was an element of misapprehension in the dispute between the clubs, which was at length happily eliminated. It is true that the American club was displeased because the Canadians entered a double-hull boat, but it was not true, as stated in the newspapers at the time, and also in the Weekly, that the Racing Committee of the American club telegraphed its official representatives in Montreal not to accept the hospitalities of the Canadian club after the race. Such a despatch was sent, but it was sent by two individuals on their own responsibility, and was not authorized by the American club's committee, which disavowed all responsibility for it. When that was made clear to the Canadians, the new challenge and its acceptance promptly followed.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Weekly is a picture of the trial of Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart, on September 21, at Paris, in the Eighth Correctional Tribunal, on the charge of revealing documents concerning the national defence. The trial was cut short by the public prosecutor, who asked for an adjournment on the ground that the Minister of War had ordered the prosecution of Colonel Picquart on the charge of forgery and using forged documents. The practical effect of adjournment on this ground was to take Colonel Picquart's case out of the civil courts and hand it over to a military tribunal. His counsel, M. Labori, the same who defended Zola, vigorously opposed adjournment, but fruitlessly, as the judges, after a brief deliberation, adjourned the case indefinitely. After his counsel had spoken, and when the intention of the court was manifest, Colonel Picquart rose and said: "This may be the last time I shall speak in public. I shall, perhaps, sleep to-night in the military prison of Cherche Midi. I wish therefore to declare that if I find there the strangling rope of Lemercier Picard, or the razor of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, it will be a case of assassination, for I have not the least idea of committing suicide." The audience, as may be supposed, was intensely moved by this declaration, judges, officers, and spectators giving signs of profound emotion. The cause was ample, for Colonel Picquart had virtually made a charge of assassination against the military authorities. Colonel Picquart's real crime is that he believes that Dreyfus was wrongfully convicted, and has endeavored to have the injustice that he considers was done him set right.

There seems to be some distrust in London and other foreign parts of the veracity of that M. Louis de Rougemont who claims to have had extraordinary adventures in Australia and thereabouts, and who lately read a paper anent them before the British Association. One school of Britishers now speaks of him as the French Robinson Crusoe, another as the French Ananias. There are three black pearls of enormous value and an octopus of huge size in his story, but both the pearls and the octopus got away. It is clear, however, that M. de Rougemont is either a great adventurer or a great romancer, and in either case he is a valuable man.

E. S. Martin.

THE FALL OF MANILA.

LETTERS AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

MANILA, *August 13.*

IT was delay, delay, delay; no one knew why. The days dragged. Some said it was because the *Monterey* was expected. But when the *Monterey* came, and still there was the same inaction, the wiseacres shook their heads and talked about expected peace and the uselessness of sacrificing the lives of our soldiers in an attack upon Manila if terms of peace were already agreed upon. General Merritt smiled and said nothing; Admiral Dewey smiled and said a great deal, but no one seemed any the wiser. Then, when we all thought that we should never see the inside of Manila, as a clap of thunder from a clear sky came the general order: The troops to move up into the trenches at 6.30 on the morrow—the First Brigade, under General McArthur, on the right; the Second Brigade, under General Greene, on the left down to the beach; brigade headquarters in the trenches; reserves 800 yards behind—the combined attack by sea and land to take place at ten o'clock, Saturday, August 13.

Long before the appointed hour the men were up and eager to move. Those detailed for camp service sat glum and disconsolate in their tents. One rheumatic old corporal, when told that he must stay behind, cried and begged so hard that the captain's heart softened, and he shouted, gruffly, "Well, fall in!" Such scenes were common enough. With a rousing cheer "Jimmy Green" shouldered his rifle and his knapsack, heavy with two days' rations and 200 rounds of ammunition. Regiment after regiment splashed through the swashy fields or floundered in the mud along the miry road on to the trenches. Then the heavens opened, and it rained as it never rained before, even in the Philippines, and the fields became shallow lakes and the road an oozing mire.

In the trenches by the sea it was bad enough, but out to right, in the swamps, the men lay like drowned rats in the slimy water. They did not mind it. "Sort of wet and muddy," drawled "Jimmy Green," as he lighted his pipe. I never saw troops so quiet and self-composed. No ripples of excitement; no craning of necks over the breastworks to catch stray glimpses of Spaniards. They would see enough of the Spaniards by-and-by. Meantime there was quiet. Only the company wag got off an occasional dry joke.

The captains were busy placing their men. On the right, where the brush was thick, some of the officers went ahead of their trenches to mark the way they would take their men in case of a charge. Captain Wood and Lieutenant Fiske of the Eighteenth regulars were going forward, and invited me to join them. Through the rice-swamp we flounder over fallen trees and hedges as far as the open space before the Spanish trenches, 200 yards distant. Not a Spaniard was to be seen. Were the enemy's trenches deserted? Lieutenant Fiske thought so, and ventured forward seventy-five yards into the open. Suddenly a dozen Spaniards came over the wall and ran for the lieutenant. It was a race for life through the mire. Two volleys followed us, and on our right a dull boom from the water notified us that the fight was on. At last we were safe again in the trenches.

On the shore, in an old hulk at the end of our trenches, was the signal station, at which messages were to be sent to and received from the fleet and General Merritt's headquarters on one of the transports. One hundred yards from the shore, in an old monastery, through which our earth-works run, General Greene issued his orders and watched the fleet, which slowly, in a quarter-moon, steamed up toward the city. On top of this building Major Bell, head of the bureau of information, was stationed. It was the best point of observation. Nearest the shore the little *Callao*, a gunboat captured from the Spanish, came steaming along, and next to her the *Petrel*, firing slowly at the Spanish trenches in front of Malate, 1300 yards from our lines. Their fire was especially directed at the fort on the shore, San Antonio. The Utah Battery opened fire from our embrasures. Their 3-inch guns jumped to their work, the shells tore the air, and the white puff of smoke of the exploding shell on the wall of the fort told of good gunnery. Nearer and nearer came the fleet, and now their big guns began to bellow. Some of the shells struck in the sea near the shore, and sent up fifty feet into air a geyser of water.

All this time the guns in the fort and on the Luneta were silent, and the trenches seemed deserted. A great shell came pulsing like an express train over our heads, and smashed into the bridge before the Spanish trenches, leaving a wide gap. As the smoke cleared we saw Spaniards for the first time, and they were making for the rear at top speed. "What is that?" asked Major Bell. A dry sound, like the clappering of storks, came from the sea. It was the quick-firing guns from the military tops on our ships pouring bullets into the enemy's trenches. Suddenly the batteries in our trenches stopped firing.

"First Company, Colorado, forward!" With a cheer the men went over the trenches, and we after them. At 100 yards from our works the company halted and lay down in the swamp. From the water our fleet continued to pound the Spanish fort and trenches. After a time our signal station notified them to stop fire. Colonel Hale and Lieutenant-Colonel McCoy, First Colorado, joined the one company in the swamp.

"Up and on!" shouted the colonel. Before the fort could be reached there was a stream to ford. The men went up to their chests in water, holding their rifles well over their heads to keep them dry. Were the Spaniards waiting to annihilate this handful of men? On our right, in the direction of the First Brigade, there was heavy firing. At 100 yards from the fort the company kneeled and fired. Just then the magazine in the fort blew up with a flash and a puff of smoke. Another series of short rushes, and the company was within twenty-five yards of the fort. At that moment the flag-ship *Olympia*, about three thousand yards from shore, sent a single shell from one of her 8-inch guns. It was a splendid shot; it cut along the back of the Spanish wall, which ran from the sea to the fort, and drove out any Spaniards that were left there. There was a dash for the wall and a scramble to get to the door of the fort. Outside lay a wounded soldier on a stretcher, abandoned by his companions in their haste. Inside the fort no one stopped to notice the few dead, but climbed over the débris to get the Spanish flag. To Lieutenant-Colonel McCoy belongs the honor of pulling it down, and up went the stars and stripes.

Back of the fort lay the town of Malate, protected by rows of breastworks and sand-bags. The officers' house at the entrance of the town was deserted. Horses and saddles were still in the stable. Demijohns of wine were smashed on the first floor, and the liquid ran down the stairs to the front door; furniture was overturned, papers were scattered over the floor, so hasty had been the flight. Suddenly, from our left, the Spaniards opened a brisk fire, and our men took refuge behind garden walls as best they could. Stray shots came from houses where Spanish sharp-shooters had secreted themselves. Re-enforcements kept coming up. Down the long street leading to the walls of Manila we could see the Spanish soldiers retreating. Occasionally they stopped to fire a volley at our men, who crept cautiously along from house to house at the edge of the road. The sharp-shooters continued to peck at us from windows, and one or two of our men were wounded.

General Greene and staff, at the head of the Second Brigade, came up. As he crossed the river before Malate he was in imminent danger, for the Spanish forces on our right opened a sharp fire on our columns. On the brigade went, with advance-guard well to the front. Gallopers came and went, carrying the general's orders. This was a dangerous occupation, for the Spanish sharp-shooters were still at work.

The rumor spread that the white flag had been raised on the walls of Manila, and, sure enough, as the advanced regiments broke into the open before the city walls, there on one corner a white flag streamed to the wind. Cheer after cheer rose from our men.

On our right the Philippine insurgents had broken through and were coming on in mass. Major Jones, division quartermaster, single-handed, faced this mob and held them in check until help came up. In the confusion that followed, either the Spaniards or the insurgents opened fire again, and volleys came pelting from the fort at the back of Manila, and this while the white flag was flying at the front of the town. Order was at last restored, and some of the Spanish troops outside the walls began to collect to surrender. The adjutant of the Captain-General came out to discuss methods of negotiations for surrender with General Greene. His bickerings annoyed the general.

"Surrender or no surrender," said the general, "I have come to take the town, and take it I will."

There was a long delay while General Greene rode in to see the Captain-General. Then at last the Second Brigade, with flying colors and sounding brass, marched into new Manila. The road was lined with natives, who threw cigars and cigarettes to our men, while Spaniards leaned from the windows and watched with hostile eyes our advance.

All honor to our generals; all honor to our soldiers; all honor to our country! Such a thing has never happened before in the history of wars. One hour after the city was taken the tram-cars were driving about and women were walking unmolested in the street. As I write, our men—wet, tired, and hungry—lie about the streets in the rain as a safeguard to the property and lives of our conquered enemy.

August 17.

In the "bloodless" fight before Manila the First Brigade lost four men killed and thirty-eight wounded; the Second Brigade, one killed and five wounded. The First Brigade were well in the interior in the brush where the great guns of the fleet could not reach, and here the Spaniards offered some resistance. The trenches of our men were separated from those of the enemy only by 200 yards of bamboo-covered ground, an almost impassable tangle. From the Spanish block-house, which rose above their earth-works, sharp-shooters played into our lines. One gun of the Utah Battery pounded this block-house to pieces in short order. The Twenty-third United States Infantry charged the position, and the Spaniards withdrew to their second line of defence. Here they made a stubborn stand, and Colonel French called for volunteers to dislodge the enemy. In response to this call the Astor Battery, who had been stationed out on the left, and had not been able to use their guns with effect on account of the thicket and swamp, offered their services. A few minutes later these brave men charged the Spanish position, armed only with revolvers. It was a desperate chance, and bravely taken. Two men were killed and a number wounded. In such an unequal struggle, revolvers against Mauser rifles, the result would have been inevitable annihilation for the battery had not re-enforcements come up. Again the Spaniards were dislodged, and again they rallied, in and about an old church. About this time help, which had been sent for by General McArthur, came up from the Second Brigade in the flank and rear of the enemy, and the latter broke and fled. An hour after the Second Brigade, the First arrived before the walls.

In the mean time, when the white flag was raised over Manila, Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier and Lieutenant Brumby, the flag-lieutenant of the *Olympia*, landed in the city to negotiate terms of surrender with the Spanish Governor-General. The flag-lieutenant soon went back to the flag-ship, and left Colonel Whittier for a short time the only American in the city. It was not for long, however, for the Oregon volunteers, held on a transport before the city for the purpose, were put on shore on the sea-front, and marched triumphant through the streets, and soon after General Greene, at the head of the Second Brigade, rode into town and lowered the Spanish colors. It was a sight long to be cherished to see the stars and stripes run up and stream out and flutter in the wind, while from thousands of throats a good American cheer rang out.

That afternoon and next day the Spanish forces kept assembling in the square before the Governor's palace in old Manila, and giving up their arms, which were thrown in great piles in the hall of the palace. The officers were allowed by courtesy to keep their side-arms, and to-day they strut about the streets of Manila clanking their swords over the cobblestones more like conquerors than prisoners of war. These Spanish troops look far from ill fed, and there can be no doubt that the stories of their suffering have been grossly exaggerated. In the trenches our men found bottles of gin and wine scattered everywhere. One of our companies lunched off a gross of boxes of sardines found in the officers' quarters near the fighting-line.

What the loss was on the Spanish side during the bombardment will probably never be known. It is variously estimated by the Spaniards from thirty-five to three hundred. One thing is certain, there are few wounded in the hospital, and our troops in coming in found only a few dead in the trenches. Inside the walls of Manila not a man was killed, as the bombardment was confined to shelling the trenches outside the city, where the Spaniards blocked the advance of our troops. The great 10-inch disappearing guns on the Luneta did not fire a single shot, and consequently the *Monterey* lay voiceless opposite the town, ready to use her guns only in case the batteries in the town showed fight.

What did this inaction on the part of the enemy mean? Merely this, that the Spaniards did not dare to return home after a peaceful surrender. They demanded some show of force on our part. The gloves were padded. They agreed not to hurt us if we did not hit too hard. The only trouble was that some of the Spanish troops, especially those out of sight and range of our guns, did not fall in with the views of their commander, and tried to show the Yankees what they could do.

On our side, we kept our agreement to spare the city and defend the Spaniards against the insurgent mob. In the latter task we were greatly aided by the Spanish forces in the trenches about the town. In no place did the insurgents succeed in breaking the line of defence, and only got in back of our troops, who easily held them in check, and disarmed those forcing their way too far into our lines. The Filipinos were greatly disappointed at not getting into the town to loot, as they did at Cavité. They begin to look on the American with hostility. Aguinaldo has agreed to hold his forces outside of the city; at the same time he has offered large sums to several shippers to bring him down rifles from Hong-kong. Are these weapons meant to use against the Spaniards in case we give up the Philippines, or against us for refusing to recognize the Philippine Republic? I am inclined to think that the insurgents intend to fight us if we stay, and Spain if we go.

August 30.

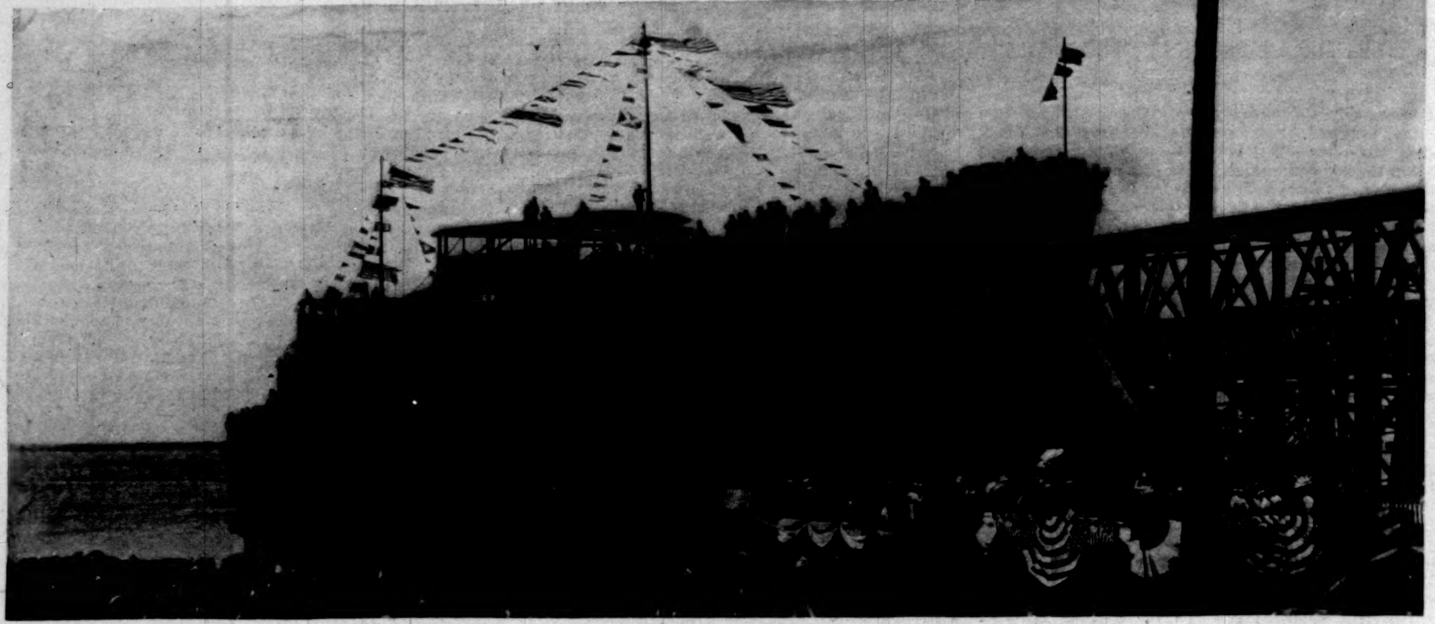
The wisdom of following the strategy which, it is understood, Admiral Dewey favored, of dropping a few shells into Manila and then landing troops from transports on the water-front to occupy the city, is proved by the experience of the Second Oregon Volunteers. Company E, acting as escort to General Merritt on board of the *Zafiro*, and the rest of the First and Second battalions of the Second Oregon on the steamer *Kong Hoi*, proceeded out with the squadron from Cavité at 7 A.M., making for Manila. During the day the two steamers lay just back of the fleet in action, but well within the range of the silent guns on the Luneta. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Belgian tug which, after the white flag had been raised in the city, had brought out the Belgian consul, through whom terms of surrender were negotiated, came alongside of the *Kong Hoi*, with orders for Colonel Summers to make a landing with the two battalions of the Second Oregon and proceed to the walled city. The *Kong Hoi* went aground near the entrance of the Pasig River, and Colonel Summers was obliged to collect all the small boats in the river to effect a landing. In the remarkably short time of forty minutes the two battalions were on shore, marching up into the walled part of Manila. Company A was ordered to lower the Spanish garrison flag and to raise the American colors. As Lieutenant Pobey raised the American flag the whole fleet saluted, and the Oregon band, which came marching up the Luneta, struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner." At the mouth of the Pasig River the Spanish gunboat *Subig*, set afire to prevent our capturing her, blazed heavenward, as if in a last salute to the yellow and red of Spain, while in the west the setting sun streaked the clouds with gold. The day of Spanish glory and misrule was at an end in the Philippines.

The town was crowded with Spanish troops. These marched slowly into the square before the palace, the headquarters of General Merritt, and between two files of Oregon soldiers dropped their arms in great heaps. The disarming went on till one o'clock at night. Four thousands stands of arms were taken that night. The Spanish men accepted the situation philosophically enough, but the women wept, and filled the air with their cries of distress.

For sixty hours 400 out of 500 Oregon troops in Manila were on guard duty. They seized, in the different churches, immense stores of provisions of the Spanish government. In the Church of St. Augustine alone they found 7100 sacks of rice, each sack containing 150 pounds. Sardines, beans, olive oil, coffee, bacon, and dried fish were there in plenty, indisputably proving that the garrison might have held out indefinitely, so far as food-supply went. In the treasury 850,000 Mexican dollars were taken. This capture gave rise to a great deal of talk among the Spanish officials, a delegation of whom visited General Merritt and requested that the wages of the Spanish officers and soldiers be paid out of this sum. It is unnecessary to say that the general politely referred them to Spain for the payment of their soldiers. The money captured from the Spanish treasury is to be used to defray the expenses of our government here. It is an interesting fact that it was necessary to count 243,000 pennies before the exact sum captured was ascertained.

During the occupation of the walled city by the Oregon troops, not a single incident occurred which *necessitated* the use of force. Indeed, every one seemed glad that the long siege was over, and that we had so peacefully entered the town.

As I intimated in my previous letter, the Spaniards expressed their desire before the fight to only put up a show of fight, and this policy they faithfully carried out. They kept their large guns in the city quiet, in the hope that by so doing we would spare the city. It seems to have been otherwise with the officers and men in Fort San Antonio Abad and the trenches immediately in front of our troops, for these men up to the very last expressed



THE SHIP ON THE WAYS JUST BEFORE THE LAUNCH.

Governor J. Hoge Tyler, of Virginia.
MISS NANNIE LEITER, READY TO NAME THE BATTLE-SHIP WITH A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

THE BATTLE-SHIP IS NAMED.

LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "ILLINOIS" AT NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA, OCTOBER 4, 1898.—[SEE PAGE 1006.]

Photographs Copyright, 1898, by George Prince.

their conviction that even in face of a bombardment by sea they could keep out our troops. These over-confident Spaniards discovered their error very early in the day, and took flight long before our fleet had really made their position untenable.

In all of this the army had a much less important part to play than no doubt they would now like to admit. The land forces were of use simply to police the city after it was reduced to submission by our gallant fleet. There can be no doubt that the strategy of this campaign will be severely criticised by military students, because the men were exposed to the hardships of occupying for a week a line of trenches in a swampy and malarious country unnecessarily, and that men were wounded and killed in unnecessary fights, when the fleet might have brought the city into submission, and troops could have been landed in the Pasig River without the loss of a single man. Indeed, from the side of mere good policy our land movement was a mistake, for it brought our troops in conflict with the insurgents, and began the unpleasant feeling which now exists between the Filipinos and our men.

The march of the army was full of dramatic incidents. The detachment of the First Colorados, who were the first to advance along the beach against Fort San Antonio, passed through a stream and had advanced to the fort, kneeling and firing by platoons, to keep in any of the enemy who might be still in the fort without drawing their fire. It was only after we passed the fort that the enemy concealed in the wood on the right opened fire on us. Quickly we took to the line of trenches very conveniently run by the Spaniards from the fort to the outskirts of Malate. This trench faced the fire of the enemy, and bullets immediately hissed over our heads or imbedded themselves in the earth-works. Suddenly we heard the sound of martial music, and turning around, what was our astonishment to see the Colorado band coming around the corner of the fort, the fat band-master blowing his cornet with might and main in the lead, while in the hubbub of hissing bullets and shouted orders arose the strains of "There'll be a hot time in the Old Town to-night," etc. With difficulty the valiant band was persuaded to take refuge behind the earth-works and stop their patriotic but dangerous blowing, which drew the enemy's fire.

A little further towards our right, where the Eighteenth Regular Infantry awaited in the mud the signal for advance, the coffee-carriers, laden with a four-foot-long boiler strung on a pole from shoulder to shoulder, waited also, and when the attack was sounded these conscientious men went over the trenches too, still carrying their boiler full of coffee. It was literally coffee and bullets for two.

On our right, at the critical moment, General McArthur was left without orders. Unable to see what was going on at other points on account of the dense jungle where his troops had to manœuvre, he ordered an advance before our left wing had flanked the enemy. It is lucky, considering the resistance offered and the ground they had to advance over, that the first brigade did not suffer a greater loss. At one point the Astor Battery, which was stationed along a narrow road, were momentarily driven from their guns, with the loss of several wounded and two men killed. It is noteworthy that both these men had served in the English army; one of them, the first sergeant of the battery, had been a captain.

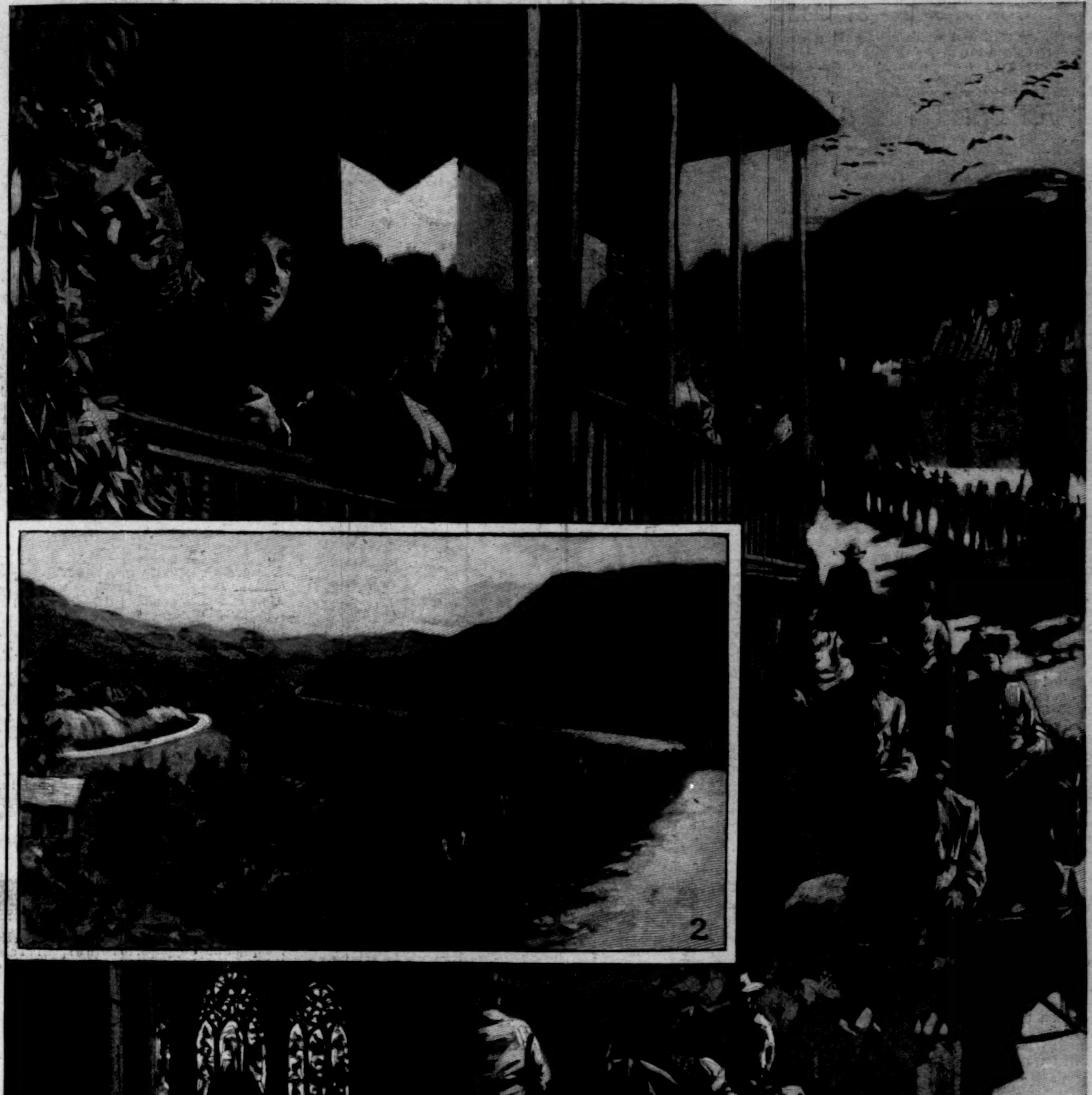
The colonels of each regiment have been requested to send in the names of those who distinguished themselves for gallant and meritorious service. Some have sent in long lists of men, while others refuse to send in a single name. Among these is Colonel Van Voltzen. He said that the occasion for gallant and meritorious action had not been offered, and that he saw no one who did anything beyond his duty. This view seems sound, at least so far as the second brigade is concerned, for although the troops were ready enough to perform gallant deeds, the rapid flight of the enemy prevented the possibility of extraordinary bravery. It would cheapen the army, which deserves collectively the greatest praise for the uncomplaining patience with which they have endured a month's campaign in a swamp, to give honorable mention to any one for the day's work on the 13th of August.

All the shops have now reopened. Natives, Spaniards, and half-breeds, in white suits, and the American soldier, in dirty duck overalls or hot blue uniform, move about in the usual course of business. One notices, for the first time, the black robe of the priest, and wonders where they have been all this while to spring so suddenly into public view. On investigation it comes to light that the priests, uncertain what treatment they would receive at our hands, had put on civilian's dress, and only after seeing the justness and impartiality—indeed, one might say leniency—of our rule over the city, have dared to resume their clerical costume. Now that we are here, every one seems satisfied—at least on the surface. Spanish, German, and English merchants constantly repeat that if the United States are to retain the islands they will remain in business; but if the burden of reconquering them from the natives is to fall back upon Spain, they will withdraw their capital and leave Manila. Our relation with the indigenous Filipino is a problematic matter.

The insurgents still remain in possession of all parts of Luzon, except Cavité and Manila. After the first glamour which surrounded our troops, a glamour due to an exaggerated and almost childish idea of the liberty and freedom we were bringing to the Philippines, the race differences have made themselves felt, which antagonize the native and exasperate our men. The Filipino is the true child of the East. His moral fibre is as flimsy as the web of the pineapple gauze of which the women make their dresses. He will cheat, steal, and lie beyond the orthodox limit of the Anglo-Saxon. His unreliability and the persistency with which he disobeys orders are irritating beyond description; besides this, his small stature and color invite abuse. There can be no doubt that our soldiers are spoiling for a fight. They hate and despise the native for the manner he has lied to and cheated them, and on the whole they are inclined to treat the Filipino the way a burly policeman treats a ragged street urchin. The native is like a child, unreasonable, and easily affected by small things. Unable to appreciate the benefits of a good government, he fiercely resents the rough manner in which the soldier jostles him out of the way.

In establishing our government over the city, General Merritt has followed as much as possible the old Spanish régime. Former clerks have been temporarily retained where they were willing to remain in the service. The old Board of Aldermen have resumed their duties. At the head of each department an American has been placed, and gradually Americans are being put into the minor offices. The investigation of the different branches of the government has now proved beyond a doubt the corruption of Spanish rule.

To-day the *China* carries off General Merritt and the three officers of his staff for Paris, General Greene for Washington, and Murat Halstead, after a three days' visit, to write on the Philippine Islands. Everybody regrets the departure of all these gentlemen. General Merritt's mild rule here has made him beloved by all save the fire-eaters. With the departure of General Greene, the Philippine expedition loses its keenest man. It will be difficult to find a successor so able in the management of the fiscal affairs of the government. It is greatly to be regretted that with General Merritt, no one is going to Paris who has had a long residence in the islands and understands the resources of the country and nature of the people.



OUR OCCUPATION OF PUERTO RICO.

Drawn from Life by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with the American Forces.

1. General Brooke and Staff entering a Village—the fair Portorriqueñas watching "los Americanos." 2. Spanish Earthworks (on the Left) commanding the Military Road. 3. A comparison of American and Spanish Cavalry. 4. Spanish Soldiers at Mass—American Officers as interested Spectators.

FROM GUAYAMA TO ST. JOHN.

THE military road that winds among the mountains, and leads over them to join North with South—St. John with Ponce and (by a branch from Cayey) with Guayama—is broad and hard, and substantial withal. One is reminded that the Spaniard got his early instruction in the very important matter of road-making from that past master the Roman. It was not built to fade out from the hill-side and to be ploughed over eventually, like a New England highway. Day after day, forever, it may seem to be replying *mañana* to every destructive suggestion of the elements. And surely we should hope it will always be there, to lead many people to a wonderful point of view, near Cayey, where one stops if one is coming from the north, or turns if one is coming from the south, and looks down and out over intensely green plain and hill to the gray sea—to Guayama's two harbors, Arroyo and Jobos, beyond fields of sugar-cane like rich grass; beyond forests of hard-wood trees, among which palms bend like a vine to make their way upward to light and air above their sturdy companions, and then lift still higher a spear that, the natives say, is a natural lightning-rod; beyond groves where thousands of parrots in a flock are like a hovering green cloud. And perhaps you may stop or turn near Cayey, for the view, when it happens to be all hidden in mist; but in a moment the cloud lifts, not like a drop-curtain, but rather with such a disclosure as certain faces make in a smile of recognition.

No doubt when the Indians called this island Borinquen the view was as fair; but long life to a good road, I say, that leads easily to beautiful points, and leads many.

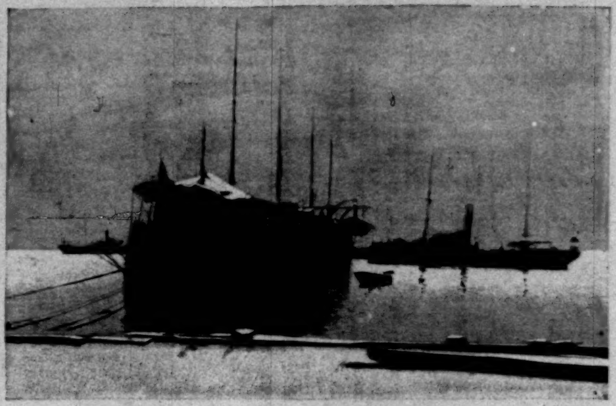
General Brooke preferred to go northward by the military road, rather than by sea, when his duties as president of the Puerto Rico Evacuation Commission called him to the neighborhood of the capital city, St. John.* Whether he chose the land journey for its greater convenience or for his greater pleasure is a question that does not concern us now; but certainly it was a trip worth taking and well worth description, if one only could dwell upon its interest. Just before he set out, a cloud that had hidden at least some things for centuries had at last lifted from the whole island....

He was at Guayama, it will be remembered. At half past eight in the morning, on September 3, he started with his personal and general staff—about twenty-five members—and Company F of the Eighth Regiment of regulars and one troop of regular cavalry. About thirty army wagons carried supplies and baggage.

The first stop was made at noon on that day, when the peaceful cortége reached the Pablo Vasquez fortifications, which, less than three weeks before, our men had been about to attack, and did not attack merely because a message announcing the cessation of hostilities came in the nick of time. Here those who rode dismounted and those who drove alighted, and all were received by the Spanish troops drawn up in line, as shown in our first illustration. General Brooke, in the foreground, looking down the ranks that he fortunately had not been obliged to decimate, had his own thoughts, and kept them; seemed to admire the men, whose condition offered a striking contrast to that of the under-fed Spanish regiments in Cuba; walked the length of the line, as though the more fully to realize the change a fortnight had wrought.

This point, between Guayama and Cayey, is as strong as possible for defensive purposes, and was strongly held. It is not too much to say that the principal battle of the war might have occurred there (certainly the principal battle of the Puerto Rico campaign) if the message of peace had arrived a few minutes later, when the fight had once gained headway. About one thousand Spaniards, with their Mausers and modern artillery, were posted with the utmost skill. The road winds about so that our advance would have been made for six miles up hill, and all the way in range. Our artillery was in a position to shell the first intrenchments easily, but not to reach still stronger intrenchments beyond the crest of the mountain, where the main body of the enemy waited, practically concealed. Our officers did not even know of the existence of the latter force. One whose word should have great weight—Colonel Goethals of the Engineer Corps—said that we could not have captured the position within a week, if at all, with the force that was so eager to make the attack on August 13. "I'd like to have had one hundred men there [in the Spanish trenches], and I could have staved off any army"—such was his comment.

* "St. John," and not San Juan, the town has long been called by some of the Spanish-Americans when speaking English.



THE TORPEDO-BOAT "TERROR" AT ST. JOHN.

Now, instead of such a battle, see this exchange of hand-shakes and of gifts....

As soon as General Brooke had passed, the Spanish soldiers gathered on bluffs overlooking the road and waved good-by to the cavalry. Such gluttons for a view of their enemy were they! The visit was all too short; in fact, they would probably never have ceased being amazed at the size of the American horses, for their own were so small as to be almost covered up with the equipments.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY GOING FROM THE HOTEL AT ST JOHN TO PAY AN OFFICIAL VISIT.

Striking northward, now on across the mountains.

At all the towns a certain uniformity of behavior; for the inhabitants of each had been instructed by a proclamation of Captain-General Macias to make no demonstration either for or against the Americans, but to receive them with the utmost courtesy. Accordingly, there was no cheering, but all the way through the heart of the island one might learn, on taking the trouble to talk with the people, that the sentiment was favorable to the new order of things, and to those who were to make the new order effective.

The townsmen of Cayey could be seen scurrying about to make hospitable preparation as the visitors approached; and when General Brooke arrived (this was at four in the afternoon, September 3) he found at his disposal the house of the principal citizen, and remained there overnight, while the troops went into camp on the outskirts.

At nine o'clock the next morning Cayey was left behind, and the way led to Caguas, a town in a valley that is said to contain about ten thousand persons. If that estimate is correct, then it may be stated that at least several thousand (to be quite moderate and well within the fact) were chiefly concerned to know "when the North Americans were going to get the Spanish troops out.... Why couldn't they be made to go immediately?"

At Caguas there were about two thousand Spanish troops, well paid, and with plenty of food, and yet anxious to get back to Spain. In the friendliness they manifested towards the visitors it was easy to distinguish a certain sense of relief, for they had had an idea, during the first two weeks of August, that twenty thousand men were to be sent against them. They had all expected to be killed. In the evening some of the American officers were entertained at the local club, while for the younger members of the staff there were music and conversation and refreshments at a private residence, and it was shown that Spanish throats are not incapable of American melodies, when the guitar accompanies them.

The third day's journey was from Caguas to Rio Piedras, from a region that is famous for its tobacco into a region that has more oranges—I was about to say, more than it knows what to do with, but that would be incorrect. The peasants would fill the carriages of correspondents and the officers' saddle-bags with oranges. A timid fellow would spill his basketful at a soldier's feet and run away in alarm. Approaching Rio Piedras, the cortége was met at five o'clock in the afternoon, September 5, by representatives of Captain-General Macias—a colonel and subordinate officers—who extended polite greetings, and conducted General Brooke to the Captain-General's summer home, which forthwith became headquarters. Spanish troops were drawn up all along the streets—an evidence of that concentration of forces near the capital mentioned in despatches during the campaign. It is fully eight miles from Rio Piedras to St. John, and, near the former, strong fortifications were seen in course of erection.

The *Seneca*, bringing the other members of the Evacuation Commission, Admiral Schley and General Gordon, arrived at the capital on September 6, and the commissioners' meeting with Macias took place promptly. The only Spanish officials present in the hall where the meeting occurred were two members of Macias's staff and the Captain-General himself.

The destroyer *Terror*, which was built in England, and was supposed to have a speed of about thirty-five miles an hour, is shown among our illustrations; and the story told by one of her crew gives a new version of her famous encounter with the *St. Paul*.

"There were articles in the papers for several days," he says, "announcing the intention of the brave Spanish commander to go out and sink the blockading vessel. On the day when she started on this errand regimental bands from the Plaza played inspiring airs and a great crowd of citizens hurrahed. And so she cast off and passed around Morro Castle, the crowd accompanying her as well as it could along the shore. Then the *Terror* made straight for the *St. Paul* under full speed—alone, although there were three gunboats in the harbor at the time. She was hit at a distance of about three miles, by a six-pounder once, and again by a five-inch shell. The latter crippled her, killing four (among these the chief engineer) and wounding seventeen. Then the *Terror* returned to the harbor; but the bands still played, for it was claimed that instead of finding one boat she had engaged the American fleet. The survivors were heroes."

MARRION WILCOX.

GENERAL BROOKE EYING CRITICALLY THE TROOPS THAT OPPOSED HIM NEAR CAYEY.

GENERAL BROOKE ARRIVES AT RIO PIEDRAS, AND IS RECEIVED BY SPANISH OFFICERS.

THE AWKWARD AGE.*

A Novel.

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

V.

"GOOD-BY. He's off," Mrs. Brookenham, who had remained quite on her own side of the room, explained to her friend.

"Where's he off to?" this friend inquired with a casual advance and a look not so much at her hostess as at the cushions just rearranged.

"Oh, to some places. To Brander to-day."

"How he does run about!" And the Duchess, still with a glance hither and yon, sank upon the sofa to which she had made her way unaided. Mrs. Brookenham knew perfectly the meaning of this glance: she had but three or four comparatively good pieces, whereas the Duchess, rich with the spoils of Italy, had but three or four comparatively bad. This was the relation, as between intimate friends, that the Duchess visibly preferred, and it was quite groundless, in Buckingham Crescent, ever to enter the drawing-room with an expression suspicious of disloyalty. The Duchess was a woman who so cultivated her passions that she would have regarded it as disloyal to introduce there a new piece of furniture in an underhand way—that is without a full appeal to herself, the highest authority, and the consequent bestowal of opportunity to nip the mistake in the bud. Mrs. Brookenham had repeatedly asked herself where in the world she might have found the money to be disloyal. The Duchess's standard was of a height—! It matched, for that matter, her other elements, which were as conspicuous as usual as she sat there suggestive of early tea. She always suggested tea before the hour, and her friend always, but with so different a wistfulness, rang for it. "Who's to be at Brander?" she asked.

"I haven't the least idea—he didn't tell me. But they've always a lot of people."

"Oh, I know—extraordinary mixtures. Has he been there before?"

Mrs. Brookenham thought. "Oh yes—if I remember—more than once. In fact her note—which he showed me, but which only mentioned 'some friends'—was a sort of appeal on the ground of something or other that had happened the last time."

The Duchess was silent a moment. "She writes the most extraordinary notes."

"Well, this was nice, I thought," Mrs. Brookenham said—"from a woman of her age and her immense position to so young a man."

Again the Duchess reflected. "My dear, she's not an American and she's not on the stage. Aren't those what you call positions in this country? And she's also not a hundred."

"Yes, but Harold's a mere baby."

"Then he doesn't seem to want for nurses!" the Duchess replied. She smiled at her friend. "Your children are like their mother—they're eternally young."

"Well, *I'm* not a hundred!" moaned Mrs. Brookenham as if she wished with dim perversity that she were. "Every one, at any rate, is awfully kind to Harold." She waited a moment, to give her visitor the chance to pronounce it eminently natural, but no pronouncement came—nothing but the footman who had answered her ring and of whom she ordered tea. "And where did you say *you're* going?" she inquired after this.

"For Easter?" The Duchess achieved a direct encounter with her charming eyes—which was not, in general, an easy feat. "I didn't say I was going anywhere. I haven't, of a sudden, changed my habits. You know whether I leave my child—except in the sense of having left her an hour ago at Mr. Garlick's class in Modern Light Literature. I confess I'm a little nervous about the subjects and am going for her at five."

"And then where do you take her?"

"Home to her tea—where should you think?"

Mrs. Brookenham declined, in connection with the matter, any responsibility of thought; she did indeed much better by saying after a moment: "You *are* devoted!"

"Miss Merriman has her afternoon—I can't imagine what they do with their afternoons," the Duchess went on. "But she's to be back in the school-room at seven."

"And you have Aggie till then?"

"Till then," said the Duchess cheerfully. "You're off, for Easter, to—where is it?" she continued.

Mrs. Brookenham had received with no flush of betrayal the various discriminations thus conveyed by her visitor, and her only revenge, for the moment, was to look as sweetly resigned as if she really saw what was in them. Where were they going for Easter? She had to think an instant, but she brought it out. "Oh, to Pewbury—we've been engaged so long that I had forgotten. We go once a year—one does it for Edward."

"Ah, you spoil him!" smiled the Duchess. "Who's to be there?"

"Oh, the usual thing, I suppose. A lot of my lord's tiresome supporters."

"To pay his debt? Then why are you poor things asked?"

Mrs. Brookenham looked, on this, quite adorably—that is most wonderingly—grave. "How do I know, my dear Jane, why in the world we're ever asked anywhere? Fancy people wanting Edward?" she quavered with stupefaction. "Yet we can never get off Pewbury."

"You're better for getting on, *cara mia*, than for getting off!" the Duchess blandly returned. She was a person of no small presence, filling her place, however, without ponderosity, with a massiveness indeed rather artfully kept in bounds. Her head, her chin, her shoulders were well aloft, but she had not abandoned the cultivation of a "figure," or any of the distinctively finer reasons for passing as a handsome woman. She was secretly at war, moreover, in this endeavor, with a lurking no less than with a public foe, and thoroughly aware that if she didn't look well she might at times only, and quite dreadfully, look good. There were definite ways of escape, none of which she neglected and from the total of which, as she flattered herself, the air of distinction almost mathematically resulted. This air corresponded superficially with her acquired Calabrian sonorities, from her voluminous title down, but the colorless hair, the passionless forehead, the mild cheek and long lip of the British matron, the type that had set its trap for her earlier than any other, were elements difficult to deal with, and were all, at moments, that a sharp observer saw. The battle-ground then was the haunting danger of the *bourgeois*. She gave Mrs. Brookenham no time to resent her last note before inquiring if Nanda were to accompany the couple.

"Mercy, mercy no—she's not asked." Mrs. Brookenham, on Nanda's behalf, fairly radiated obscurity. "My children don't go where they're not asked."

"I never said they did, love," the Duchess returned. "But what then do you do with her?"

"If you mean socially"—Mrs. Brookenham looked as if there might be in some distant sphere, for which she almost yearned, a maternal opportunity very different from that—"if you mean socially, I don't do anything at all. I've never pretended to do anything. You know as well as I, dear Jane, that I haven't begun yet." Jane's hostess now spoke as simply as an earnest, anxious child. She gave a vague, patient sigh. "I suppose I must begin!"

The Duchess remained for a little rather grimly silent. "How old is she—twenty?"

"Thirty!" said Mrs. Brookenham with distilled sweetness. Then with no transition of tone: "She has gone for a few days to Tishy Grendon's."

"In the country?"

"She stays with her to-night in Hill Street. They go down together to-morrow. Why hasn't Aggie been?" Mrs. Brookenham went on.

The Duchess handsomely stared. "Been where?"

"Why, here—to see Nanda."

"Here?" the Duchess echoed, fairly looking again about the room. "When is Nanda ever here?"

"Ah, you know I've given her a room of her own—the sweetest little room in the world." Mrs. Brookenham never looked so happy as when obliged to explain. "She has everything there that a girl can want."

"My dear woman," asked the Duchess, "has she sometimes her own mother?"

The men had now come in to place the tea table, and it was the movements of the red-haired footman that Mrs. Brookenham followed. "You had better ask my child herself."

The Duchess was frank and jovial. "I would, I promise you, if I could get at her! But isn't that woman always with her?"

Mrs. Brookenham smoothed the little embroidered tea-cloth. "Do you call Tishy Grendon a woman?"

Again the Duchess had one of her pauses, which were indeed so frequent in her talks with this intimate that an auditor could sometimes wonder what particular form of relief they represented. They might have been a habit proceeding from the fear of undue impatience. If the Duchess had been as impatient with Mrs. Brookenham as she would possibly have seemed without them, her frequent visits, in the face of irritation, would have had to be accounted for. "What do *you* call her?" she demanded.

"Why, Nanda's best friend—if not her only one. That's the place I *should* have liked for Aggie," Mrs. Brookenham ever so graciously smiled.

The Duchess, hereupon, going beyond her, gave way to free mirth. "My dear thing, you're delightful. Aggie *or* Tishy is a sweet thought. Since you're so good as to ask why Aggie has fallen off, you'll excuse my telling you that you've just named the reason. You've known ever since we came to England what I feel about the proper persons—and the most improper—for her to meet. The Tishy Grendons are far from the proper."

Mrs. Brookenham continued to assist a little in the preparations for tea. "Why not say at once, Jane"—and her tone, in its appeal, was almost infantine—"that you've come at last to placing even poor Nanda, for Aggie's wonderful purpose, in the same impossible class?"

The Duchess took her time, but at last she accepted her duty. "Well, if you will have it. You know my ideas. If it isn't my notion of the way to bring up a girl to give her up, in extreme youth, to an intimacy with a young married woman who is both unhappy and silly, whose conversation has absolutely no limits, who says everything that comes into her head, and talks to the poor child about God only knows what—if I should never dream of such an arrangement for my niece I can almost as little face the prospect of throwing her *much*, don't you see? with any young person exposed to such an association. It would be in the natural order certainly"—in spite of which natural order the Duchess made the point with but moderate emphasis—"that, since dear Edward is my cousin, Aggie should see at least as much of Nanda as of any other girl of their age. But what will you have? I must recognize the predicament I'm placed in by the more and more extraordinary development of English manners. Many things have altered, goodness knows, since I was Aggie's age, but nothing is so different as what you all do with your girls. It's all a muddle, a compromise, a monstrosity, like everything else you produce; there's nothing in it that goes on all-fours. *I* see but one consistent way, which is our fine old foreign way and which makes—in the upper classes, mind you, for it's with them only I'm concerned—*des femmes bien gracieuses.* I allude to the immemorial custom of my husband's race, which was good enough for his mother and his mother's mother, for Aggie's own, for his other sisters, for *toutes ces dames.* It would have been good enough for my child, as I call her—my dear husband called her *his*—if, not losing her parents, she had remained in her own country. She would have been brought up there under an anxious eye—that's the great point; privately, carefully, tenderly, and with what she was *not* to learn—till the proper time—looked after quite as much as the rest. I can only go on with her in that spirit and make of her, under providence, what I consider a young person of her condition, of her name, of her particular traditions, should be. *Voilà, ma chère.* If you put it to me if I think you're surrounding Nanda with any such security as that, I can't help it if I offend you by an honest answer. What it comes to, simply stated, is that really she must choose between Aggie and Tishy. I'm afraid I should shock you were I to tell you what I should think of myself for packing *my* child, all alone, off for a week with Mrs. Grendon."

Mrs. Brookenham, who had many talents, had none perhaps that she oftener found useful than that of listening with the appearance of being fairly hypnotized. It was the way she listened to her housekeeper at their regular morning conference, and if the rejoinder ensuing upon it frequently appeared to have nothing to do with her manner, that was a puzzle for her interlocutor alone. "Oh, of course I know your theory, dear Jane, and I dare say it's very charming and old-fashioned and, if you like, aristocratic, in a frumpy, foolish old way—though even upon that, at the same time, there would be something too to be said. But I can only congratulate you on finding it more workable than there can be any question of *my* finding it. If you're all armed for the sacrifices you speak of, I simply am not. I don't think I'm quite a monster, but I don't pretend to be a saint. I'm an English wife and an English mother, and I live in the mixed English world. My daughter, at any rate, is just my daughter—thank heaven, and one of a good English bunch; she's not the unique niece of my dead Italian husband, nor doubtless either, in spite of her excellent birth, of a lineage, like Aggie's, so very tremendous. I've my life to lead, and she's a part of it. Sugar?" She wound up on a still softer note as she handed the cup of tea.

"Never! Well, with *me*," said the Duchess with spirit, "she would be all."

"'All' is soon said! Life is composed of many things," Mrs. Brookenham gently rang out—"of such mingled, intertwisted strands!" Then still with the silver bell, "Don't you really think Tishy nice?" she asked.

"I think little girls should live with little girls, and young *femmes du monde* so immensely initiated should—well," said the Duchess with a toss of her head, "let them alone. What do they want of them 'at all, at all'?"

"Well, my dear, if Tishy strikes you as 'initiated,' all one can ask is 'Initiated into what?' I should as soon think of applying such a term to a little shivering shorn lamb. Is it your theory," Mrs. Brookenham pursued, "that our unfortunate unmarried daughters are to have no intelligent friends?"

"Unfortunate indeed," cried the Duchess, "precisely *because* they're unmarried, and unmarried, if you don't mind my saying so, a good deal because they're unmarriageable. Men, after all, the nice ones—by which I mean the possible ones—are not on the lookout for little brides whose usual associates are so up to snuff. It's not their idea that the girls they marry shall already have been pitchforked—by talk and contacts and visits and newspapers, and the way the poor creatures rush about and all the extraordinary things they do—quite into *everything*. A girl's most intelligent friend is her mother—or the relative acting as such. Perhaps you consider that Tishy takes your place!"

Mrs. Brookenham waited so long to say what she considered that, before she next spoke, the question appeared to have dropped. Then she only replied, as if suddenly remembering her manners: "Won't you eat something?" She indicated a particular plate. "One of the nice little round ones?" The Duchess appropriated a nice little round one, and her hostess presently went on: "There's one thing I mustn't forget—don't let us eat them *all*. I believe they're what Lord Petherton really comes for."

The Duchess finished her mouthful imperturbably before she took this up. "Does he come so often?"

Mrs. Brookenham hesitated. "I don't know what he calls it; but he said yesterday that he'd come to-day. I've had tea earlier for you," she went on with her most melancholy kindness—"and he's always late. But we mustn't, between us, lick the platter clean."

The Duchess entered very sufficiently into her companion's tone. "Oh, I don't feel at all obliged to consider him, for he has not, of late, particularly put himself out for me. He has not been to see me since I don't know when, and the last time he did come he brought Mr. Mitchett."

"Here it was the other way round. It was Mr. Mitchett, last year, who first brought Lord Petherton."

"And who," asked the Duchess, "had first brought Mr. Mitchett?"

Mrs. Brookenham meeting her friend's eyes, looked for an instant as if trying to remember. "I give it up. I muddle beginnings."

"That doesn't matter, if you only *make* them," the Duchess smiled.

"No, does it?" To which Mrs. Brookenham added: "Did he bring Mr. Mitchett for Aggie?"

"If he did they will have been disappointed. Neither of them has seen, in my house, the tip of her nose." The Duchess announced this circumstance with a pomp of pride.

"Ah, but with your ideas that doesn't prevent."

"Prevent what?"

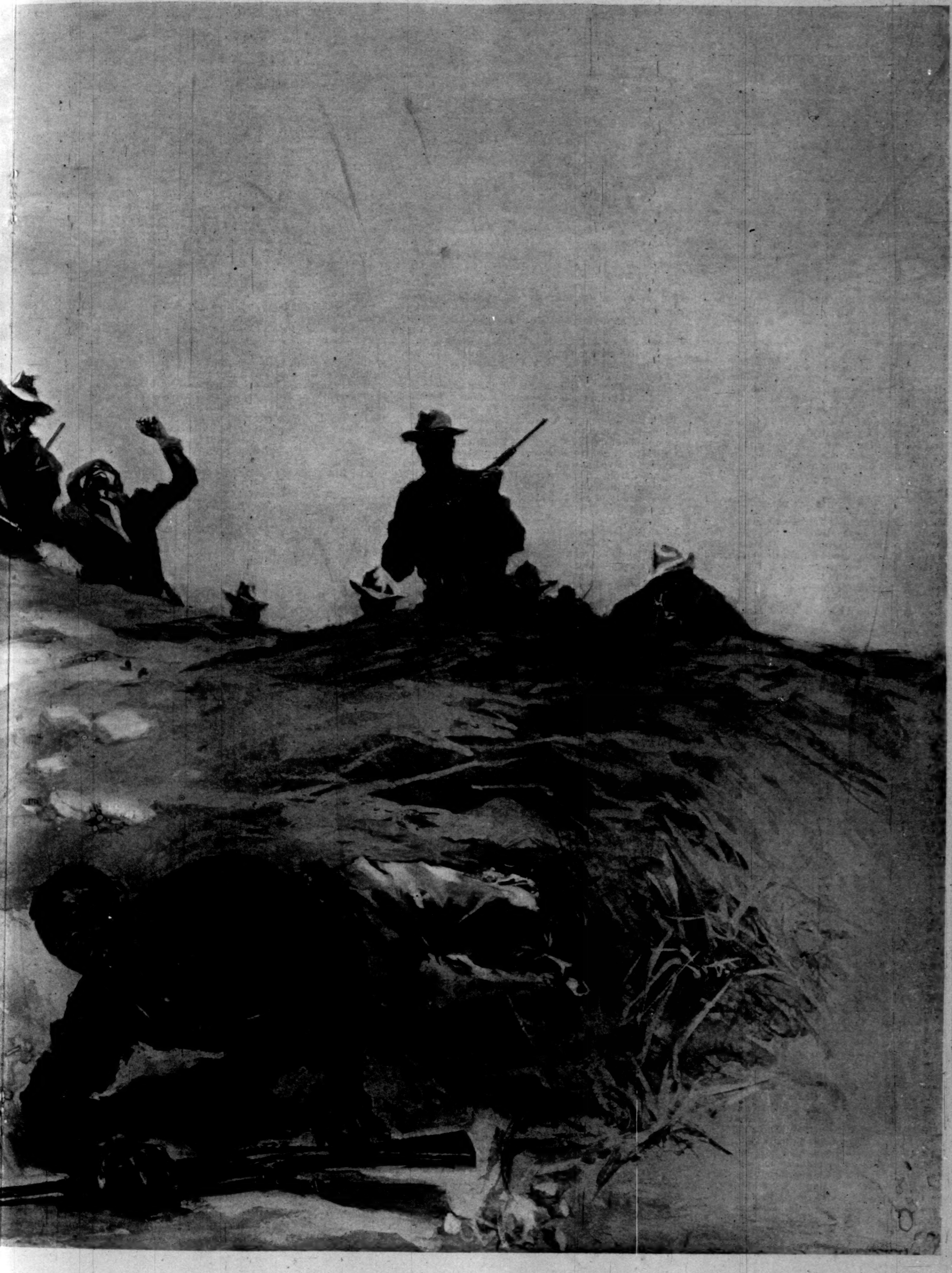
"Why, what you call, I suppose, the *pourparlers*."

"For Aggie's hand? My dear," said the Duchess, "I'm glad you do me the justice of feeling that I'm a person to take time by the forelock. It was not, as you seem to remember, with the sight of Mr. Mitchett that the question of Aggie's hand began to occupy me. I should be ashamed of myself if it were not constantly before me and if I had not my feelers out in more quarters than one. But I've not so much as thought of Mr. Mitchett—who, rich as he may be, is the son of a shoemaker and superlatively hideous—for a reason I don't at all mind telling you. Don't

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

FORGOTTEN H

Troop C, 9th U. S. Cavalry, Captain Taylor, leading the Ch



N HEROES.

E CHARGE AT SAN JUAN.—DRAWN BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM.

be outraged if I say that I've for a long time hoped you yourself would find the right use for him." She paused—at present with a momentary failure of assurance, from which she rallied, however, to proceed with a burst of earnestness that was fairly noble: "Forgive me if I just tell you once for all how it strikes me. I'm stupefied at your not seeming to recognize either your interest or your duty. Oh, I know you want to, but you appear to me—in your perfect good faith, of course—utterly at sea. They're one and the same thing, don't you make out? your interest and your duty. Why isn't it as plain as a pikestaff that the thing to do with Nanda is simply to marry her—and to marry her soon? That's the great thing—do it while you *can*. If you don't want her downstairs—at which, let me say, I don't in the least wonder—your remedy is to take the right alternative. Don't send her to Tishy—"

"Send her to Mr. Mitchett?" Mrs. Brookenham unresentfully quavered. Her color, during her visitor's allocution, had distinctly risen, but there was no irritation in her voice. "How do you know, Jane, that I don't want her downstairs?"

The Duchess looked at her with an audacity confirmed by the absence from her face of everything but the plaintive. "There you are, with your eternal English false positions! *J'aime, moi, les situations nettes—je n'en comprends pas d'autres.* It wouldn't be to your honor—to that of your delicacy—that with your impossible house, you *should* wish to plant your girl in your drawing-room. But such a way of keeping her out of it as throwing her into a worse—"

"Well, Jane, you do say things to me!" Mrs. Brookenham blandly broke in. She had sunk back into her chair, her hands, in her lap, pressed themselves together, and her wan smile brought a tear into each of her eyes by the very effort to be brighter. It might have been guessed of her that she hated to seem to care, but that she had other dislikes too. "If one were to take up, you know, some of the things you say—" And she positively sighed for the fulness of amusement at them of which her tears were the sign.

Her friend could quite match her indifference. "Well, my child, *take* them up; if you were to do that with them, candidly, one by one, you would do really very much what I should like to bring you to. Do you see?" Mrs. Brookenham's failure to repudiate the vision appeared to suffice, and her visitor cheerfully took a further jump. "As much of Tishy as she wants—*after*. But not before."

"After what?"

"Well—say after Mr. Mitchett. Mr. Mitchett won't take her after Mrs. Grendon."

"And what are your grounds for assuming that he'll take her at all?" Then as the Duchess hung fire a moment: "Have you got it by chance from Lord Petherton?"

The eyes of the two women met for a little on this, and there might have been a consequence of it in the manner of the rejoinder. "I've got it from not being a fool. Men, I repeat, like the girls they marry—"

"Oh, I already knew your old song! The way they like the girls they *don't* marry seems to be," Mrs. Brookenham mused, "what more immediately concerns us. You had better wait till you *have* made Aggie's fortune, perhaps, to be so sure of the working of your system. Excuse me, darling, if I don't take you for an example until you've a little more successfully become one. The sort of men *I* know anything about, at any rate, are not looking for mechanical dolls. They're looking for smart, safe, sensible English girls."

The Duchess glanced at the clock. "What is Mr. Vanderbank looking for?"

Her hostess appeared to oblige her by anxiously thinking. "Oh, *he*, I'm afraid, poor dear—for nothing at all!"

The Duchess had taken off a glove to appease her appetite, and now, drawing it on, she smoothed it down. "I think he has his ideas."

"The same as yours?"

"Well, more like them than like yours."

"Ah, perhaps then—for he and I," said Mrs. Brookenham, "don't agree, I think, on two things in the world. You think poor Mitchy then," she went on, "who's the son of a shoemaker and who might be the grandson of a grasshopper, good enough for my child."

The Duchess appreciated for a moment the superior fit of her glove. "I look facts in the face. It's exactly what I'm doing for Aggie." Then she broke into a certain conscious airiness. "What are you giving her?"

But Mrs. Brookenham took without wincing whatever, as between a masterful relative and an exposed frivolity, might have been the sting of it. "That you must ask Edward. I haven't the least idea."

"There you are again—the virtuous English mother! I've got Aggie's little fortune in an old stocking, and I count it over every night. If you've no old stocking for Nanda, there are worse fates than shoemakers and grasshoppers. Even *with* one, you know, I don't at all say that I should sniff at poor Mitchy. We must take what we can get, and I shall be the first to take it. You can't have everything for ninepence." And the Duchess got up, shining, however, with a confessed light of fantasy. "Speak to him, my dear—speak to him!"

"Do you mean offer him my child?"

The Duchess laughed at the intonation. "There you are once more—*vous autres!* If you're shocked at the idea, you place *drôlement* your delicacy. I'd offer mine to the son of a chimney-sweep if the principal guarantees were there. Nanda's charming—you don't do her justice. I don't say Mr. Mitchett is either beautiful or noble, and he hasn't as much distinction as would cover the head of a pin. He takes, moreover, his ease in talk—but that," added the Duchess with decision, "is much a matter of whom he talks with. And after marriage, what does it signify? He has twenty thousand a year, an excellent idea of how to take care of it and a good disposition."

Mrs. Brookenham sat still; she only looked up at her friend. "Is it by Lord Petherton that you know of his excellent idea?"

The Duchess showed she was challenged, but also that she was indulgent. "I go by my impression. But Lord Petherton *has* spoken for him."

"He ought to do that," said Mrs. Brookenham—"since he wholly lives on him."

"Lord Petherton—on Mr. Mitchett?" The Duchess stared, but rather in amusement than in horror. "Why, hasn't he a—property?"

"The loveliest. Mr. Mitchett's his property. Didn't you *know*?" There was an artless wail in Mrs. Brookenham's surprise.

"How should I know—still a stranger as I'm often rather happy to feel myself here, and choosing my friends and picking my steps very much, I can assure you—how should I know about all your social scandals and things?"

"Oh, we don't call *that* a social scandal!" Mrs. Brookenham inimitably returned.

"Well, if you should wish to, you'd have the way that I told you of to stop it. Divert the stream of Mr. Mitchett's wealth."

"Oh, there's plenty for every one!"—Mrs. Brookenham kept up her tone. "He's always giving us things—bonbons and dinners and opera boxes."

"He has never given *me* any," the Duchess contentedly declared.

Mrs. Brookenham waited a little. "Lord Petherton has the giving of some. He has never in his life before, I imagine, made so many presents."

"Ah then, it's a shame one has nothing!" On which, before reaching the door, the Duchess changed the subject. "You say I never bring Aggie. If you like, I'll bring her back."

Mrs. Brookenham wondered. "Do you mean to-day?"

"Yes, when I've picked her up. It will be something to do with her till Miss Merriman can take her."

"Delighted, dearest; do bring her. And I think she should *see* Mr. Mitchett."

"Shall I find him too, then?"

"Oh, take the chance."

The two women, on this, exchanged, tacitly and across the room—the Duchess at the door, which a servant had arrived to open for her, and Mrs. Brookenham still at her tea table—a further stroke of intercourse, over which the latter was not, on this occasion, the first to lower her lids. "I think I've shown high scruples," the Duchess said, "but I understand, then, that I'm free."

"Free as air, dear Jane."

"Good." Then just as she was off, "Ah, dear old Edward!" the visitor exclaimed. Her kinsman, as she was fond of calling him, had reached the top of the staircase, and Mrs. Brookenham, by the fire, heard them meet on the landing—heard also the Duchess protest against his turning to see her down. Mrs. Brookenham, listening to them, hoped that Edward would accept the protest and think it sufficient to leave her with the footman. Their common sense, not devoid of satisfaction, that she was a kind of cousin, was quite consistent with a view, early arrived at, of the absurdity of any fuss about her.

VI.

When Mr. Brookenham appeared his wife was prompt. "She's coming back for Lord Petherton."

"Oh!" he simply said.

"There's something between them."

"Oh!" he merely repeated. But it would have taken many such sounds on his part to represent a spirit of response discernible to any one but his wife.

"There have been things before," she went on, "but I haven't felt sure. Don't you know how one has sometimes a flash?"

It could not be said of Edward Brookenham, who seemed to bend, for sitting down, more hinges than most men, that he looked as if he knew either this or anything else. He had a pale, cold face, marked and made regular, made even in a manner handsome, by a hardness of line in which, oddly, there was no significance, no accent. Clean-shaven, slightly bald, with unlighted gray eyes and a mouth that gave the impression of not working easily, he suggested a stippled drawing by an inferior master. Lean moreover and stiff, and with the air of having here and there in his person a bone or two more than his share, he had once or twice, at fancy balls, been thought striking in a dress copied from one of Holbein's English portraits. But when once some such meaning as that had been put into him it took a long time to put another, a longer time than even his extreme exposure, or anybody's study of the problem, had yet made possible. If anything particular had finally been expected from him it might have been a summary of the things he had not said, but there was something in him that had long since pacified impatience and drugged curiosity. He had never in his life answered such a question as his wife had just put him and which she would not have put had she feared a reply. So dry and decent and even distinguished did he look, as if he had positively been created to meet a propriety and match some other piece, his wife, with her notorious perceptions, would no more have appealed to him seriously on a general proposition than she would, for such a response, have rung the drawing-room bell. He was none the less held to have a great general adequacy. "What is it that's between them?" he demanded.

"What's between any woman and the man she's making up to?"

"Why, there may often be nothing. I didn't know she even particularly knew him," Brookenham added.

"It's exactly what she would like to prevent any one's knowing, and her coming here to be with him when she knows I know *she* knows—don't you see?—that he's to be here, is just one of those calculations that *are* subtle enough to put off the scent a woman who has but half a nose." Mrs. Brookenham, as she spoke, appeared to testify, by the pretty star-gazing way she thrust it into the air, to her own possession of the whole of such a feature. "I don't know yet quite what I think, but one wakes up to such things soon enough."

"Do you suppose it's her idea that he'll marry her?" Brookenham asked in his colorless way.

"My dear Edward!" his wife murmured for all answer.

"But if she can see him in other places why should she want to see him here?" Edward persisted in a voice destitute of intonation.

Mrs. Brookenham had plenty of that. "Do you mean if she can see him in his own house?"

"No cream, please," her husband said. "Hasn't she a house too?"

"Yes, but so pervaded all over by Aggie and Miss Merriman."

"Oh!" Brookenham observed.

"There has always been some man—I've always known there has. And now it's Petherton," said his companion.

"But where's the attraction?"

"In *him?* Why, lots of women could tell you. Petherton has had a career."

"But I mean in old Jane."

"Well, I dare say lots of men could tell you. She's no older than any one else. She has also such great elements."

"Oh, I dare say she's all right," Brookenham returned as if his interest in the case had dropped. You might have felt you got a little nearer to him on guessing that, in so peopled a circle, satiety was never far from him.

"I mean for instance she has such a grand idea of duty. She thinks we're nowhere?"

"Nowhere?"

"With our children—with our home life. She's awfully down on Tishy."

"Tishy?"—Brookenham appeared for a moment at a loss.

"Tishy Grendon—and her craze for Nanda."

"Has she a craze for Nanda?"

"Surely I told you Nanda's to be with her for Easter."

"I believe you did," Brookenham bethought himself, "but you didn't say anything about a craze. And where's Harold?" he went on.

"He's at Brander. That is he will be by dinner. He has just gone."

"And how does he get there?"

"Why, by the South Western. They'll send to meet him."

Brookenham appeared to view this statement, for a moment, in the dry light of experience. "They'll only send if there are others too."

"Of course then there'll be others—lots. The more the better for Harold."

This young man's father was silent a little. "Perhaps—if they don't play high."

"Ah," said his mother, "however Harold plays, he has a way of winning."

"He has a way, too, of being a hopeless ass. What I meant was how he comes there at all," Brookenham explained.

"Why, as any one comes—by being invited. She wrote to him—weeks ago."

Brookenham was discoverably affected by this fact, but it would not have been possible to say if his satisfaction exceeded his surprise. "To Harold? Very good-natured." He had another short reflection, after which he continued: "If they don't send, he'll be in for five miles in a fly—and the man will see that he gets his money."

"They *will* send—after her note."

"Did it say so?"

Mrs. Brookenham's melancholy eyes seemed, from afar, to run over the page. "I don't remember—but it was so cordial."

Again Brookenham meditated. "That often doesn't prevent one's being let in for ten shillings."

There was more gloom in this view than his wife had desired to produce. "Well, my dear Edward, what do you want me to do? Whatever a young man does, it seems to me, he's let in for ten shillings."

"Ah, but he needn't be—that's my point. *I* wasn't at his age."

Harold's mother took up her book again. "Perhaps you weren't the same success! I mean at such places."

"Well, I didn't borrow money to make me one—as I have a sharp idea our young scamp does."

Mrs. Brookenham hesitated. "From whom do you mean—the Jews?"

He looked at her as if her vagueness might be assumed. "No. They, I take it, are not quite so 'cordial' to him, as you call it, as the old ladies. He gets it from Mitchy."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Brookenham. "Are you very sure?" she then demanded.

He had got up and put his empty cup back upon the tea table, wandering afterwards a little about the room and looking out, as his wife had done half an hour before, at the dreary rain and the now duskier ugliness. He reverted, in this attitude, with a complete unconsciousness of making for irritation, to a question they might be supposed to have dropped. "He'll have a lovely drive for his money!" His companion, however, said nothing, and he presently came round again. "No, I'm not absolutely sure—of his having had it from Mitchy. If I were, I should do something."

"What would you do?" She put it as if she couldn't possibly imagine.

"I would speak to him."

"To Harold?"

"No—that might just put it into his head." Brookenham walked up and down a little with his hands in his pockets; then, with a complete concealment of the steps of the transition, "Where are we dining to-night?" he brought out.

"Nowhere, thank Heaven. We grace our own board."

"Oh—with those fellows, as you said, and Jane?"

"That's not for dinner. The Baggers and Mary Pinthorpe and—upon my word I forget."

"You'll see when she comes," suggested Brookenham, who was again at the window.

"It isn't a she—it's two or three he's, I think," his wife replied with her indifferent anxiety. "But I don't know what dinner it is," she bethought herself; "it may be the one that's after Easter. Then that one's this one," she added with her eyes once more on her book.

"Well, it's a relief to dine at home"—and Brookenham faced about. "Would you mind finding out?" he asked with some abruptness.

"Do you mean who's to dine?"

"No, that doesn't matter. But whether Mitchy *has* come down."

"I can only find out by asking him."

"Oh, *I* could ask him." He seemed disappointed at his wife's want of resource.

"And you don't want to?"

He looked coldly, from before the fire, over her pretty, brown, bent head. "It will be such a beastly bore if he admits it."

"And you think poor I can make him not admit it?" She put the question as if it were really her own thought too, but they were a couple who could, even face to face and unlike the augurs behind the altar, think these things without laughing. "If he *should* admit it," Mrs. Brookenham threw in, "will you give me the money—?"

"The money?"

"To pay him back."

She had now raised her eyes to her husband, but, turning away, he failed to meet them. "He'll deny it."

"Well, if they all deny it," she presently remarked, "it's a simple enough matter. I'm sure *I* don't want

them to come down on us! But that's the advantage," she almost pratiled on, "of having so many such charming friends—they *don't* come down."

This again was a remark of a sweep that there appeared to be nothing in Brookenham's mind to match; so that, scarcely pausing in the walk into which he had again fallen, he only said: "Who do you mean by 'all'?"

"Why, if he has had anything from Mitchy, I dare say he has had something from Van."

"Oh!" Brookenham returned, as if with a still greater drop of interest.

"They oughtn't to do it," she declared; "they ought to tell us, and when they don't it serves them right." Even this observation, however, failed to rouse in her husband a response, and, as she had quite formed the habit of doing, she philosophically answered herself. "But I don't suppose they do it on spec."

It was less apparent than ever what Edward supposed. "Oh, Van hasn't money to chuck about."

"Ah, I only mean a sovereign here and there."

"Well," Brookenham threw out after another turn, "I think Van, you know, is your affair."

"It *all* seems to be my affair!" she exclaimed with too dolorous a little wail to have other than a comic effect. "And of course then it will be still more so if he should begin to apply to Mr. Longdon."

"We must stop that *before* he applies," said Brookenham.

"Do you mean by warning Mr. Longdon and requesting him immediately to tell us? That won't be very pleasant," Mrs. Brookenham sighed.

"Well, then, wait and see."

She waited only a minute—it might have seemed that she already saw. "I want him to be kind to Harold, and I can't help thinking he will."

"Yes, but I fancy that that will be his notion of it—keeping him from making debts. I dare say one needn't trouble about him," Brookenham added. "He can take care of himself."

"He appears to have done so pretty well all these years," his wife mused. "As I saw him in my childhood I see him now, and I see now that I saw then even how awfully in love he was with mamma. He's too lovely about mamma," Mrs. Brookenham pursued.

"Oh!" her husband replied.

This delicate past held her a moment. "I see now I must have known a lot as a child."

"Oh!" her companion repeated.

"I want him to take an interest in us. Above all in the children. He ought to like us"—she followed it up. "It will be a sort of 'poetic justice.' He sees, himself, the reasons, and we mustn't prevent it." She turned the possibilities over a moment, but they produced another soft wail. "The thing is that I don't see how he *can* like Harold."

"Then he won't lend him money," said Brookenham.

This contingency too she considered. "You make me feel as if I wished he would—which is too dreadful. And I don't think he really likes *me*," she went on.

"Oh!" her husband again ejaculated.

"I mean not utterly *really*. He has to try to. But it won't make any difference," she next remarked.

"Do you mean his trying?" Brookenham inquired.

"No—I mean his not succeeding. He'll be just the same." She saw it steadily. "On account of mamma."

Her husband also, with his perfect propriety, put it b fore himself. "And will he—on account of your mother—also like *me*?"

Mrs. Brookenham weighed it. "No, Edward." She covered him with her loveliest expression. "No, not really, either. But it won't make any difference." This time she had pulled him up.

"Not if he doesn't like Harold, or like you, or like me?" Brookenham, clearly, found himself able to accept only the premise.

"He'll be perfectly loyal. It will be the advantage of mamma!" Mrs. Brookenham exclaimed. "Mamma, Edward," she brought out with a flash of solemnity—"mamma *was* wonderful. There have been times when I've felt that she's still with us, but Mr. Longdon makes it vivid. Whether she's with me or not, at any rate, she's with *him*—so that when he's with me, don't you see—?"

"It comes to the same thing?" her husband intelligently asked. "I see. And when was he with you last?"

"Not since the day he dined—but that was only last week. He'll come soon—I know from Van."

"And what does Van know?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. He has taken the greatest fancy to him."

"The old man—to Van?"

"Van to Mr. Longdon. And the other way too. Mr. Longdon has been most kind to him."

Brookenham still moved about. "Well, if he likes Van and doesn't like *us*, what good will that do us?"

"You would understand soon enough if you felt Van's loyalty."

"Oh, the things you expect me to feel, my dear!" Edward Brookenham lightly moaned.

"Well, it doesn't matter. But he *is* as loyal to me as Mr. Longdon to mamma."

The statement produced on Brookenham's part an unusual vision of the comedy of things. "Every Jenny has her Jockey!" Yet perhaps—remarkably enough—there was even more imagination in his next words. "And what sort of means—?"

"Mr. Longdon? Oh, very good. Mamma wouldn't have been the loser. Not that she cared. He *must* like Nanda," Mrs. Brookenham wound up.

Her companion appeared to look at the idea and then meet it. "He'll have to see her first."

"Oh, he shall see her!" Mrs. Brookenham affirmed. "It's time for her, at any rate, to sit downstairs."

"It was time, you know, *I* thought, a year ago."

"Yes, I know what you thought. But it wasn't."

She had spoken with decision, but he seemed unwilling to concede the point. "You admitted yourself that she was ready."

"*She* was ready—yes. But I wasn't. I am now," Mrs. Brookenham, with a fine emphasis on her adverb, proclaimed, as she turned to meet the opening of the door and the appearance of the butler, whose announcement—"Lord Petherton and Mr. Mitchett"—might, for an observer, have seemed immediately to offer support to her changed state.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN AMERICAN RAILROAD IN CHINA.

A COMBINATION of British and American capitalists is to take an important part in the opening of China. A syndicate, headed by Calvin S. Brice and F. P. Olcott, has obtained a concession to build a railroad from Han-kow, at the head of navigation on the Yang-tse-kiang River, south to Canton, and thence to the sea. The company has coal-mining privileges and other concessions, and it plans to develop trade between England and the United States and all the southern part of China, much of which has been until this time inaccessible to the white man. The surveying party, which sails from San Francisco for the Orient about the 10th of October, will carry on much of its work on ground heretofore unexplored, and in provinces which have furnished much of the seed of rebellion in China.

This concession, following quickly on the concession to a Belgian syndicate to complete the line from Peking to Han-kow, promises to give China, within five or six years, means of communication between the capital and the most southerly province of the empire by a railroad which will be so far inland as to be protected from a foreign foe except at its termini. It will afford a means of sending troops into the rebellious provinces to the south, and in that way will help assure the security of the reigning dynasty. But, what seems more important, this concession, providing for the construction of a road by American capitalists through the chief British sphere of influence, may give China that guarantee of the integrity of her empire which she has hoped to achieve by a combination of British and American trade interests, and through the joint influence of British and American diplomacy. This feature of the arrangement is one which will probably not be made public in detail. The concession will be a matter of public record in this country as soon as the report of our minister at Peking is received. Already it has been made public there through an imperial decree.

The concession has been granted to the American China Development Company, T. Sanford Beatty secretary and treasurer, an organization incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, with a capital of a million dollars; the stock of this company is owned by the Chinese Railway Syndicate. The chief members of this syndicate are representatives of the Standard Oil Company, the American Sugar-Refining Company, the Arbuckle Coffee Company, the Carnegie Steel and Iron Company (Limited); George F. Baker, president of the First National Bank; F. P. Olcott, of the Central Trust Company; E. H. Harriman, of the Union Pacific Railroad; C. A. Griscom, of the American Line; Arthur Sewall, of Maine; Edward R. Adams, John G. Moore, Grant B. Schley, Levi P. Morton, J. Pierpont Morgan, Sheldon & Company; Kuhn, Loeb, & Company; Maitland, Coppell, & Company; J. I. Waterbury, Henry W. Cannon, and James Stillman.

This syndicate has been in negotiation for a Chinese concession for three years, but some hitch has always occurred at critical moments, and nothing was accomplished. After $30,000 had been paid out for cable despatches, arrangements were made to carry on the negotiations at Washington instead of at Peking. The Chinese government gave authority to the minister at Washington, Mr. Wu Ting Fang, to make a contract with the American China Development Company. The company authorized Mr. A. W. Bash to represent it at Washington. Mr. Bash went to Washington, accompanied by Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes, and, sitting at a table in the Chinese Legation, with a pad of paper and a pencil before him, he negotiated with the representative of 400,000,000 people a contract involving the expenditure of $40,000,000.

The Chinese minister sat opposite Mr. Bash. No intermediary was needed. Mr. Wu speaks English fluently. He was for some years a member of the English bar. He is a man of keen intelligence, with a thorough knowledge of Western civilization, and perhaps better informed as to the needs of his country than any other of her people.

As soon as Mr. Wu and the representative of the Brice syndicate agreed to a proposition, it was written down. On the 14th of April the contract was completed and signed; on the 21st of April it was ratified by the Emperor. One of its requirements was that a forfeit of $100,000 should be deposited by the syndicate. The declaration of war with Spain intervened to prevent the performance of the contract, but the Chinese government granted the syndicate an extension of time. Recently the forfeit was deposited, and preparations were made for sending the first party of engineers to China, headed by General William Barclay Parsons, recently chief engineer of the Rapid Transit Commission. At the same time arrangements were begun for floating the bonds which the Chinese government will issue for the construction of the road.

The concession negotiated at Washington grants to the syndicate the exclusive privilege of building a railway from Han-kow, which is 700 miles west of the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang River, to Canton, and thence to the sea. There will be two southern termini, one at each side of the mouth of the Chu-kiang, or Canton River.

It is stipulated that the American company shall lend the money for the construction of the road, the amount depending on the report of the American engineers now being sent out. The cost is estimated at about $40,000,000, as the railway is to be built in a thoroughly substantial manner, on modern lines, and the company is to furnish docks and warehouses, and many connections to important towns. The main line will be about 900 miles long; the branches, 100 miles or more. The loan is to be based on an issue of imperial Chinese government guaranteed bonds, bearing five per cent. interest in gold. These bonds are issued to the syndicate at a small discount. They are to run for fifty years. At the expiration of that time the Chinese government has the privilege of cancelling the mortgage and taking possession of the entire property. It can retire the bonds in the interim in instalments at a fixed price above par. The work of survey is to be done at once, and the road is to be completed within three years of the time the survey is approved by the Director-General of Chinese Railways of the Southern District, Sheng Tajen.

Sheng is a very rich, able, and progressive Chinaman, a native of Canton, which is also the native city of Wu, and of Chang Yen-Huan, who was arrested just after the abdication of the Emperor, a few days ago. The progressive feeling in China seems to be centralized in Canton. Mutual loyalty in China is strong among the citizens of the same province or town. There is a strong Canton coterie in Peking, and it was through this influence that the American concession was obtained. Though Chang is in disgrace, Sheng is in favor with the Empress-Dowager, and Wu is a strong friend of Li Hung Chang, whom he once served as legal adviser, so there seems little reason to fear that the change of administration will affect the standing of the American syndicate.

As to the security of the bonds, the members of the syndicate believe that is assured by the fact that all the great nations have now lent money to China, and are equally interested in preserving the integrity of her national debt.

The profits of the American company are to consist in part of preferential debenture bonds, which will be issued in consideration of the work of supervision, and the advance of capital for the building of the road. General Parsons's party, which will leave Han-kow in January or February to survey the route, will consist of about two hundred persons. There will be a military escort of more than one hundred soldiers, as the contract calls for government protection in the survey as well as during maintenance and operation. Sheng will co-operate with General Parsons, and will have Chinese delegated for this purpose. The American engineering force proper will consist of about ten men. Mr. Henry Frazier, late of Baltimore, the first assistant engineer, has preceded General Parsons. A. W. Bash, of Seattle, accompanies Mr. Frazier in a general advisory capacity as agent of the syndicate.

Chinese labor is to be used in the work of construction, and the American company is to establish a school for the education of Chinamen in railway management and operation, so that natives eventually can participate in positions of trust and responsibility. As they have good heads for mathematics, the natives will be used chiefly as station agents, bookkeepers, etc., not in the mechanical operation of the road.

The concession provides that the American company shall carry government troops, arms, and munitions of war at half rates in time of war or insurrection, and China stipulates that no interference or aggression from natives or any foreign source shall be permitted in the survey or operation of the road. A small commission is allowed the American company on the purchase of materials and the work of construction, except in respect to earth-work, which is to be done by natives.

The Belgian concession provides for a five-per-cent. loan of $21,712,500 at a discount of ten per cent., and gives the contractors the right to furnish supplies "at the lowest prices," but without the addition of any commission. The supplies are to be ordered equally from French and Belgian firms. In the case of the American contract, the business of furnishing supplies will be divided between England and America in proportions not determined. The Belgian line is to be completed to Han-kow in 1903. At present there are in operation in the Chinese Empire only a line from Tien-tsin to Peking, and a coal railroad fifteen miles long from Han-kow to Han-yang.

The provinces through which the railroad will pass contain nearly 120,000,000 inhabitants, and with improved sanitary regulations, which will follow civilization, this should increase greatly, as has the population in India under British rule. GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

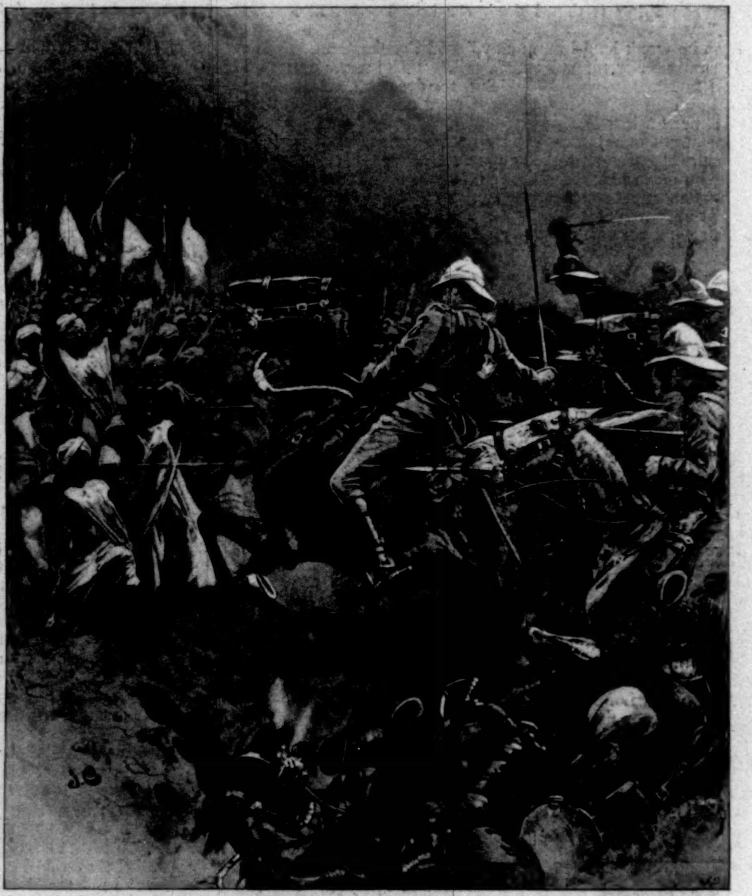
THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN.

To get the full dramatic force of the event, one must turn back in the records of the Sudanese campaign to the page which tells of the battle of the Atbara, on the 8th of April (Good-Friday) of this year; for, in spite of the public interest in the Anglo-Egyptian advance, the fact has not been realized, until within the last fortnight, that the advance was unopposed. From a point just beyond the confluence of the Atbara River and the Nile, Sir Herbert Kitchener's army, proceeding southward, expected the enemy from week to week, almost from day to day, but the enemy did not appear. There was no opposition at the head of the Shabluka Cataract, nor even at Kerreri. Twenty-seven thousand men were suffered to draw near to the great city; at last they were in sight of it; then came the savage onslaught of the Khalifa, his son, his generals, and thirty-five thousand—or, as some of the estimates have it, fifty thousand—of his fanatic followers. The whole armed strength of Mahdism was disclosed at once, at last, at the gates of the capital. The Khalifa's choice was to leave no middle ground; to conquer and to annihilate the invaders as Hicks's army was annihilated in Kordofan in 1883; or, through defeat, to see the downfall of his religion, government, and country in one day. And so, on another Friday, September 2, we find the Sirdar's army of Egyptian and Sudanese—but with a nucleus of British troops, all perfectly trained in every detail of the military art, with modern artillery, and with the support of five gunboats on the river—drawn up in a semicircle, resting on the west bank of the Nile just below Omdurman. The Dervishes confronted him with a much larger army; and they, too, had their own military art, which proved itself terribly effective little more than a decade ago, when the Mahdi conquered at pleasure and held vast districts, from the Blue Nile to the unexplored interior of the continent, against all comers.

Early in the morning the English general's scouts reported that the entire Dervish army was advancing. They had not cared to wait behind the strong walls of the city; they came on and on with an impetuosity which they believed nothing could withstand. But "we received their bold and determined attack in position," writes the Sirdar, "and after an hour's fighting, during which they endeavored to envelop both our flanks, we drove them off, about 6.30 A.M." This is the victor's very modest reference to the first charge of the Dervishes, which forms the subject of the largest drawing on page 1016. From the ranks of the invaders, British and Sudanese, poured a fire, beginning with section volleys at 2000 yards, that simply slaughtered line after line, until there were no more in that division of the Khalifa's army to come on. When the plain was covered with bodies of slain or wounded, and, as one English observer puts it, the linen garments of the dead made "a still carpet of white in front," General Kitchener ordered an advance against Omdurman, but was again heavily attacked on the right by a great force under the personal command

THE FIRST CHARGE OF THE DERVISHES.

THE FIGHT FOR THE KHALIFA'S STANDARD.



THE CHARGE OF THE 21st LANCERS.

THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN, SEPTEMBER 2, 1898.—[See Page 1015.]

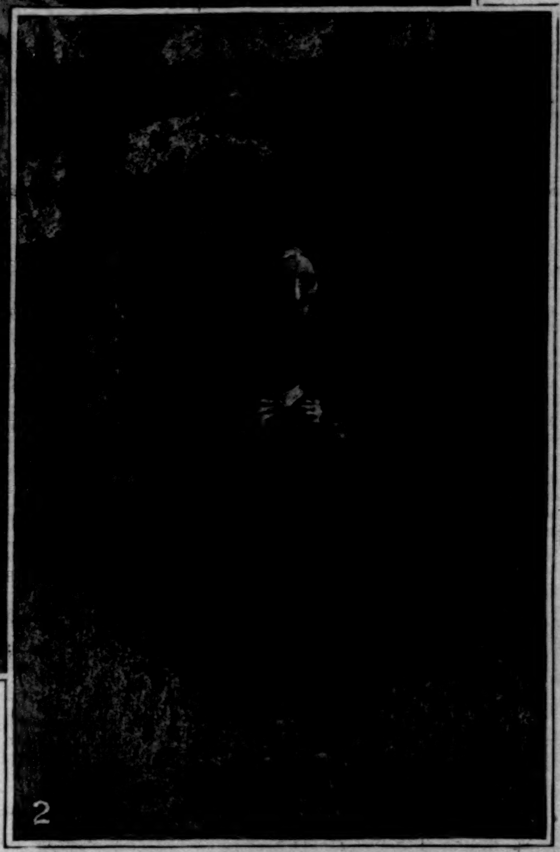
of the Khalifa. The charge of these men, "with sword and spear, with banners flying, and the war-cries 'God is most great!' and 'The Mahdi is God's prophet!' on their lips," is described as the most impressive spectacle that Europeans ever witnessed. But the sternly significant feature of it all is in danger of escaping observation. The men who showed this reckless unavailing courage were largely Arabians—of a conquering strain; the men who repulsed the rushes were largely Sudanese—blacks who had never been able to resist Arabians, until British officers took them in hand and made soldiers of them.

They were Sudanese who captured the Khalifa's black flag, at that crisis in the engagement when the standard-bearer's heroic conduct became conspicuous, even among a thousand examples of perfectly unshaken courage and savage daring. "His comrades all around him had been mowed down," writes one who was looking on, "and he himself alone was standing erect and unarmed, until, apparently riddled with bullets, he sank slowly to the ground, his master's flag still floating proudly over his mangled body."

A splendid charge of the Twenty-first Lancers has been singled out for special praise, by universal consent; and with excellent reason, because, to speak truth quite plainly, it was a conspicuous demonstration of pure bravery on a day which gave the honors, so far as courage alone is considered, aside from achievement and organization and equipment, to the barbarians. The Dervishes got twelve or fifteen thousand of themselves killed, and never flinched; again and again, from sunrise to high noon, they charged with mounting fervor; not upon an enemy that they had a fair prospect of routing—no, but upon Death itself made visible. The Twenty-first Lancers, however, when they were caught in a position for which neither rule nor plan provided, did develop an instinctive joy in an unequal fight for the fight's own sake—a courage like Beówulf's. They also could be savages at a pinch.

The orders to Colonel Martin, who commanded the regiment, were to prevent the Dervishes from returning to the city. Now, in their zeal, they fixed their attention upon a small body of the enemy, about three hundred, and overlooked three thousand hidden in a ravine. Riding ahead so intently, they rode straight into the ambush. It was not then a question of turning the Dervishes back: they must get back themselves: they must go through. And so they did, plunging, slashing, thrusting till lances broke, shooting—employing every trick of horsemanship, using every weapon, laying about them with bent sword or stump of lance—until they got through.

And then they wanted to go back and through once more.



"CYRANO DE BERGERAC" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE.

1. Act III., The Kiss. "Must I then bid thee mount?" Miss Margaret Anglin as *Roxane*. 2. The Death-Scene, Act V. Mr. Richard Mansfield as *Cyrano* reading his last Letter to *Roxane*, supposed to have been written by *Christian*.

FRANCIS WILSON AS *PETITPAS* IN "THE LITTLE CORPORAL."

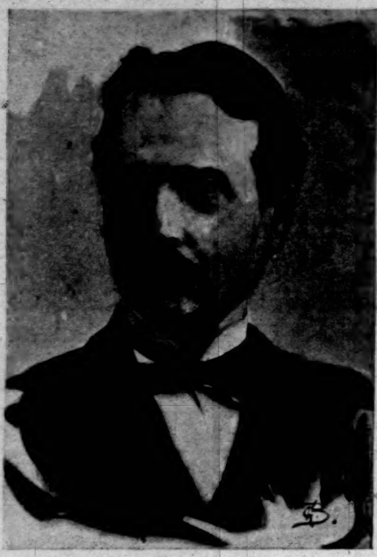
DENIS O'SULLIVAN AND LILLIAN BERRI IN "THE LITTLE CORPORAL,"
As performed by Francis Wilson's Company at the Broadway Theatre.

Mr. Herbert. Miss Sylva. Mr. Cawthorne. Mr. Golden. Mr. Rushworth. Miss Nielsen. Mr. Cowles. Mr. Nicholson.

THE CAMP TABLEAU IN ACT III. OF "THE FORTUNE-TELLER" AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

AT THE PLAYHOUSES OF NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 1018.]

MUSIC



GEORGE W. CHADWICK.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL—"THE FORTUNE-TELLER."

The Festival's Progress.

A GENEROUS-MINDED pleasure should stir the hearts of many musical people besides those resident in that cheerful Massachusetts city, Worcester, in reading the critical record of its Forty-second Annual Festival. The occurrence occupied, according to custom, pretty much the whole of September's closing week. The audiences often were overflowing, and the usual influx of guests from New England in general was large. The deliverance of the fine old institution from the ignorances, from the prejudices, from the cant of a false attitude to their community's intelligence, on the part of the festival's ancient generalissimi, has been carried far. The judicious can regard the present policy not only as stable, but as honored by the city's hearty endorsement. The present festival directory have shown how clean a new broom can sweep, even where heavier refuse than cobwebs and dust must be sent flying. Last year a beginning was made, but with a qualified result. The festival lost money, too, and the conservative party—to give it as amiable a name as possible—in the town stood like Job's war-horse among the trumpets and said, "Ha, ha!" This year they are not neighing.

The Improvements under the New Board.

The changes made by the present management of the festival are surprisingly radical, when the apparent hopelessness of effecting them, even three or four seasons ago, is measured. They extend to the lessening of the festival's cumbersomeness—its crowded scheme of rehearsals and concerts. A high-handed rejection has gone forward as to music that is time-worn and trivial—so distinct a policy of putting into the programmes works less familiar and more dignified (especially in the purely orchestral numbers) that those of us who remember the old Worcester programme-books rub our eyes, and ask, "Can that be Worcester that delighted in Rossini's 'Moses in Egypt,' that rescued Spohr's 'Consecration of Tones' symphony from its harmless desuetude, that loved Tosti's ballads at a matinée, and de Kontski's 'Réveil de Lion' as a pianistic encore?" The festival is fairly in train to catch up with the music of the fullest modernity. Before long we shall expect to see Rimsky-Korsakov, Perosio, Bourgault-Ducoudray, Franck, and Bungert on its lists. Mr. Carl Zerrahn has been retired to that repose, so far as concerns Worcester, due to so patriarchal a conductor. Mr. George W. Chadwick, a sterling American composer and a conductor of decisive abilities, reigns in Mr. Zerrahn's stead. The festival's course has been redeemed also from its old office as a trial trip for new and ambitious youthful talent, or a dry dock in which leaking and ancient musical vessels were taken in to receive a critical overhauling. The soloists are selected from the ranks of authoritative or really rising artists; in any case competency and a proper *ensemble* are kept in view. The encore nuisance is discouraged—discouraged successfully in Worcester, where audiences of old always expected double work for their pay, and if they could have done so would have taken pattern from Leopold II. of Austria, who, when "The Secret Marriage" was produced, commanded "supper to be served to the artists—and the opera to be repeated."

What the Festival still Needs.

It would appear by the consensus of trustworthy reports of the festival of 1898 that the chorus needs further pruning and building up, a more effective and leisurely system of private rehearsing, and many lessons in refinement and in self-dependence. These Mr. Zerrahn did not enough inculcate. There seems to be also the need of—what will surely come—a finer understanding of the spirit and methods of Mr. Chadwick. His own graceful cantata "The Lily Nymph" is spoken of as especially a victim of circumstances. I cannot see why the festival committee chose that work rather than Mr. Chadwick's stronger one, "Phœnix Expirans," which has a high place among American scores, any more than I can understand the cause of their selecting Grieg's utterly unattractive "Olaf Trygvason." In that slate-colored score, Grieg's limitations as a composer in the largest forms are irritatingly plain. But the choral misfortunes of the conductor's own music were liberally expiated in the concerts which brought forward "Elijah" and Mr. Horatio Parker's "Hora Novissima." The orchestral repertory of the whole week was of an eloquence novel at Worcester. It spoke a volume in praise of the reformists—of what Schumann has called the March of the Davidites against the Philistines.

The Festival's Artists.

The singers at this festival were, especially, Mesdames Johanna Gadski and Carl Alves; the Misses Marie Downey, Gertrude May Stein, Sara Anderson, Minna Molka-Kellogg; Messrs. Ffrangçon Davies, Evan Williams, Mackenzie Gordon, Gwillym Miles, and Dudley Buck, Jr. The pianist was that sterling player and interpreter Miss Adele aus der Ohe, lately absent from America; the violinist was Mr. Ovide Musin, and the organist was Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich. The chorus was in numbers slightly below the announced four hundred. The orchestra was, as hitherto, from the Boston Symphony's force, and Mr. Franz Kneisel again acted as the assistant conductor. The work of Madame Gadski, Miss aus der Ohe, and Mr. Davies is spoken of by the Boston and New York reviewers with a warmth that leaves no doubt of the dignity with which those artists sustained their responsibilities. But it is of especial interest to New-Yorkers to read of a most particular success gained by one of the younger and relatively little-known soloists. This was Miss Anderson. Her Worcester appearances may be said to have suddenly directed to her the notice of the Eastern musical public as not before—almost to a youthful artist's "making a reputation" in an evening and afternoon of song. She is only about twenty-one. From this festival, she is likely to be a personality of distinction on the American concert-stage. Miss Anderson is a daughter of Mrs. Sarah Baron Anderson, one of our own city's local choir-singers, and an instructress of ability.

What any Festival should Mean.

What, pray, are the objects and duties of a music festival, whether it be at Birmingham, or along the Lower Rhine, or in Yankee Worcester? To raise and to keep on raising the standards of local taste; to maintain in healthful movement the currents of sound musical feeling that make for art's righteousness; to publish, by the best possible performances, the new works of merit and mark, or to deal worthily with old ones of perennial life and undiminishable value. In a word, a music festival must educate and confirm. On these commandments hang such minor ones as are proper to one or another community's special musical tutelage. The mistake that the old government of the Worcester Festival made (and was determined to make *in perpetuo*) was its undervaluation of a great city's intelligence; the idea that a musical initiative was successful in proportion to its pecuniary profits; and, regretfully be it added, the mistake of loving charlatanism and of leaning toward inner personal considerations in the matter of a public performance. But the spirit of a new existence has been breathed into the Worcester Festival almost at an eleventh hour. There is yet much to be remedied, many elements of change to be demonstrated that will advance on its present aid toward health. But the outlook is bright for a new era in a large New England city's chief musical concern—one that can be potent far beyond Worcester—and for a gracious estate that by no possibility could have come to it under the former control.

SARA ANDERSON.

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"The Fortune-Teller."

In operatic jottings, a word more should be given the merits of Mr. Victor Herbert's "The Fortune-Teller" at Wallack's. Musically, "The Fortune-Teller" is incomparably the best of the five or six comic operas now in the local notice. Mr. Herbert is a composer of no ordinary invention and much technical security. He has shown this in at least one serious concert-work. The libretto of "The Fortune-Teller," by Mr. Harry B. Smith, is sufficiently amusing, but it is not a firm enough basis for the musical structure that Mr. Herbert builds. Mr. Smith's muse is not one of fire, and in making up its pages of text it ascends no nearer to the highest realms of libretto invention than an ordinary two pair front. The subject, as a fact, goes back to the early growth of comic-opera plots, and though it still diverts, it is of the Sandstone stratum of libretto geology. But Mr. Herbert has written a first act, and much of a second one, with a richness of melodic contents and with a solidity in his orchestration and voice-writing unusual in such a piece—worthy of a more serious subject. Only in the last act do cheapness and indeed vulgarity of operatic utterance betray themselves. "The Fortune-Teller" being nominally Hungarian in scenes, Mr. Herbert has imitated or imported a Magyar accent to several of his numbers with beautiful success, though, oddly enough, he has failed, quite, in giving a genuine cast to a little negro-melody episode later in the score. "The Fortune-Teller" is likewise the best done of all its fellowship now with us. Principals, chorus, and a really artistic mounting unite in this effect. Miss Alice Nielsen has not merely beauty, piquancy, and a great deal of *gaminerie*, but a fresh and trained voice. Doubtless her provincialisms of accent will pass away in time. Mr. Frank Rushworth, who, along with Mr. Eugene Cowles, has most of the singing allotted to the male voices, is as agreeable and manly an English tenor as we have heard in many seasons—a singer hitherto identified with the musical pieces at Daly's Theatre, whither he came from London. Furthermore, scenery that has actual composition, that looks like the landscape of a particular foreign land, and shows "atmosphere" is so rare an embellishment of operatic pieces here that "The Fortune-Teller" may be praised for standing out from the crowd in this detail. The humor of the piece, after its opening scenes, is more dependent than it should be on skill to make bricks without straw. Mr. Joseph Herbert, Mr. Joseph Cawthorne—*item*, his concertina—and Mr. Richard Golden jointly and severally show great good-will in their labors, Mr. Cawthorne in especial.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

DRAMA

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC" at the Garden Theatre was so interesting in all respects, and so excellent in many, that it deserves to be judged by the highest poetic and dramatic standards. So judged, it had marked defects.

A Prosaic Nose.

Mr. Mansfield made his initial mistake in the nose. It will be remembered that M. Coquelin and M. Rostand staged the play in conference and in harmony, not to say mutual adoration. That bulbous nose of Coquelin's, then, is double hall-marked. Why did Mr. Mansfield make it long and thin? Apparently to make it agree with the lines. It surely comes nearer to preceding him by a quarter of an hour; it would dip in his cup when he drank; little birds could light on it—as they could not on Coquelin's nose. But what has become of that splendid rhetoric of *Cyrano's*—that wonderful speech in which he instructs the *Viscount* as to what flowers of hyperbole the nose might have inspired in a man of imagination? It has become plain fact. The little birds could have lighted on that nose; to mention the fact is to be almost as literal as the *Viscount* was when he called it "very big." Or perhaps Mr. Mansfield had another reason. In the full-face view the nose is scarcely noticeable, and in the most affecting passages Mr. Mansfield kept his nose to the front. Unfortunately, in making it fit the lines, or his convenience, Mr. Mansfield has departed so far from the possibilities of nature that the nose has ceased to be legitimately grotesque. It is neither hideous nor amusing. It is not the nose of Cyrano, the nose to hang a play on.

Cyrano de Piccadilly.

To carry off Coquelin's nose requires an actor so full of force and exuberance that the grotesque becomes a normal mode of expression. Every syllable of the original spits fire; every speech moves like a rocket. The part has the mental exaltation of France in it, that runs wild at times in Gascon madness. Mr. Mansfield lacks the gayety and valor of the South, the ebullient virtue of irresponsibility. At vital moments in the play the vital touch is lacking. One wonders why one is not amused and cheered when *Cyrano* is cheering the hungry cadets, why one does not shed tears outright when *Cyrano* dies. Mr. Mansfield's manner is quite British. He has repose, but it is not the repose the fulness of nature brings: it is a sort of triple-expansion repose that makes his voice sharp and choppy. In the death-scene it fairly barks. There is scarcely a gleam of the fire that burns and blazes; one looks in vain for the oil and wine of the South. His performance is clever, interesting, stirring in places; but unless one is forced to give himself over to the intoxication of the play, he has not known that impossibly splendid thing *Cyrano de Bergerac*, the Gascon soldier-poet.

Cyrano, thou art translated!

Having made detractions, the mind turns irresistibly to the extenuations. A drama that is also a poem must inevitably lose much on the stage—Shakspere loses almost as much as he gains. Not a few of Mr. Mansfield's shortcomings are chargeable to the translation. The original is of course in rhymed Alexandrines, which has been the conventional dramatic form in France for centuries, and is used for the lightest modern comedy as well as for the heaviest tragedy. In the English drama, rhyme has always proved a failure. Shakspere worked away from it early in his apprenticeship, and Dryden acknowledged, near the end of his life, that it was a mistake. Even blank verse, our national form, is in its last throes. If Mr. Mansfield's translator had tried to put into English the varied swing, the edge and the fire, of M. Rostand's verse, that would have been interesting; if he had tried to translate the traditional French form into the traditional English form, that would have been respectable. It is probable, however, that a skilfully modulated prose, such as our ears are used to on the stage, would have succeeded in preserving most of the quality of the original. Mr. Mansfield's translator has jumbled prose, blank verse, and rhymes into unspeakable chaos. The rhymed passages, when they occur, sound like improvisations of the kind *Cyrano* indulges in during the duel. And part of the audience, at least, naïvely construed them as such! And that doggerel crops out throughout the death-scene!

As for the poetry of the lines, when *Cyrano* says:

"Grâce à vous, une robe a passé dans ma vie,"

Mr. Mansfield's translator ambles into—

"Thanks to you, I have at least a friend."

That is literary slaughter. Pope's rhymed version of Homer reminded Macaulay of *Peter Quince's* outcry when he saw bully *Bottom* with an ass's head: "Bless thee, *Bottom!* bless thee! thou art translated." ....Bless thee, *Cyrano!* bless thee!

A Dignified Ambition.

Yet, in spite of his limitations, Mr. Mansfield triumphed. His scenes were truly gorgeous, and the multitudes that thronged the stage were marvellously well drilled. It is probable that no more thoroughly artistic staging has been done by an American manager. Mr. A. G. Andrews conceived the part of *Ragueneau* with admirable sympathy, and played it with thorough command of his powers. As *Roxane*, Miss Margaret Anglin has established herself as an unusually competent leading lady, playing with a certainty of effect far beyond her meagre experience. In the Balcony scene and at *Christian's* death there was a fulness of passion thoroughly adequate to the part. As for Mr. Mansfield, his many and varied services to our stage make it easy for us to forgive him for not being a Gascon! Whatever his limitations, there is no actor in America that could approach him in the part, and the English stage would have to prove its superiority. He is virile always, and always expert in his effects. And we all owe it to the dignity of his ambition that we are reading and seeing the most beautiful poem and the best play in many a year.

Professional Etiquette and Honor.

The production of "Cyrano" in America has raised certain most difficult and delicate questions of professional etiquette and honor. The fact that the text of the play had been published and not copyrighted made it impossible for M. Rostand to guarantee protection against piracy. When Mr. Mansfield was negotiating for the authorized production this fact was made clear. Nevertheless, Mr. Mansfield paid a thousand dollars in advance royalties, and contracted to pay M. Rostand five per cent. on the first five thousand dollars gross weekly receipts, and ten per cent. on all sums above. These terms M. Rostand's representative, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, officially characterizes as "liberal." Miss Marbury relates that when she warned Mr. Mansfield that M. Rostand could not guarantee him against piracy, he replied, "I should not dream of presenting the play without paying the author, and I do not believe there is a manager in this country who will not respect M. Rostand's rights and mine in accordance with every rule of professional etiquette, courtesy, and honor." With this opinion M. Rostand, if we can trust a rumor, does not agree. He is quoted as saying: "My play can be stolen by Yankees in spite of my moral ownership. They will steal it, for they are a nation of thieves."

Give a Dog a Name.

When Mr. Daly decided to produce the play, he heeded professional etiquette to the extent of assuring Mr. Mansfield's manager that he would not produce it in competition with Mr. Mansfield. On hearing of Mr. Daly's intention, Mr. W. A. Brady, who is known to fame for many things, notably his management of Mr. James J. Corbett, and who has not for some time been on good terms with Mr. Daly, decided to put six companies on the road—6 Cyranos 6. Mr. Brady did not promise to heed the professional courtesy even to the extent of avoiding Mr. Daly's towns. It rather appears that he is to get up his six Cyranos chiefly to annoy Mr. Daly. Mr. Daly and Mr. Brady are of course both shielded by the law. Mr. Mansfield is suffering from the fact that he did not choose to live up to the name M. Rostand has given us.

Cyrano de James J. Corbett.

Some of the features of the Daly-Brady combinations are almost humorous. "Cyrano" is perhaps the most wonderful example extant of a play in which a multitude of scenes and characters are calculated to throw into prominence a single figure. Whenever *Cyrano* appears he is the dominating character, and he appears in about seven out of every ten pages. Mr. Daly has altered the book so that the leading figure is Miss Ada Rehan, who takes the part of *Roxane*. He has cut the famous speech describing a kiss out of *Cyrano's* part and given it to Miss Rehan, and has eliminated the great death-scene. One can only hope that M. Rostand does not share *Cyrano's* repugnance to having his verse tampered with—"My blood freezes at the idea of any one changing a comma!" Mr. Brady has surpassed even this. Not satisfied with six Cyranos six, he has announced that if Mr. James J. Corbett pulls off his fight with Mr. Kid McCoy, he will cast Mr. James J. Corbett in the part of *Cyrano*. When M. Rostand hears of the honors thrust upon his work in America, he may perhaps revise his opinion of us as a nation. I say perhaps.

Cyra-nit uf de Weberfields.

It is announced that Weber & Fields will burlesque *Cyrano* in the manner of "Tess of the Weberfields" and "The Corn-Curers." When a humble member of Mr. Daly's company heard of this, he is said to have quietly remarked: "Thank Heaven! We are two weeks ahead of them." JOHN CORBIN.

THE "BROOKLYN" AT SANTIAGO.

LIEUTENANT A. C. HODGSON, U.S.N., the navigator of the U.S.S. *Brooklyn*, writes to say that HARPER'S WEEKLY has done an injustice to that ship in the statement that during the chase of Cervera's fleet she was "so far out at sea....that the distance between her and the *Colon* was five miles, so that her 8-inch shots could not reach the Spanish ship. Indeed, the only shots that carried to the *Colon* were the 13-inch shots of the *Oregon*." Lieutenant Hodgson says that, instead of this being true, the *Brooklyn* was within range of the *Colon* after 12.45, and until she hauled down her colors. He also says that the *Brooklyn* had drawn to within eight thousand yards of the Spanish ship at that time, and that the last gun fired from her was from the forward 8-inch gun at a range of 6800 yards—"not quite three and a half miles." He adds that this shot carried to the *Colon*. We do not wish to be guilty of any injustice to the *Brooklyn*, nor to any other ship that participated in this splendid action, but we are inclined to think—although Lieutenant Hodgson is firmly convinced of the accuracy of his observation—that he is mistaken. No one has claimed that the *Brooklyn* was at any time inside the *Oregon* during the run which ended in the destruction of the Spanish ships. Indeed, she has always been stated to have been outside the *Oregon* from eight hundred yards, which is the estimate of some of the officers of the *Brooklyn*, to fifteen hundred or two thousand yards, which is the estimate of other officers in a position to judge. She was, by all accounts, a little forward of the *Oregon's* port beam when the *Colon* turned inshore. The statement that was made by the WEEKLY is supported by the official report of the *Oregon*, which is to be read in connection with the fact already mentioned as to the relative positions of the two ships. The *Oregon* reports that her 8-inch guns did not reach, and that she fired her 13-inch guns first at 8500 yards, then at 9000 yards, then at 9500 yards, and finally at 8900 yards. The last shot is reported generally as falling near the starboard quarter of the *Colon*. If the *Oregon* fired at such ranges—and it is to be presumed her officers knew the distances, as they had fired several times—it would hardly seem possible that a ship considerably further seaward could be as close as Lieutenant Hodgson thinks the *Brooklyn* was.

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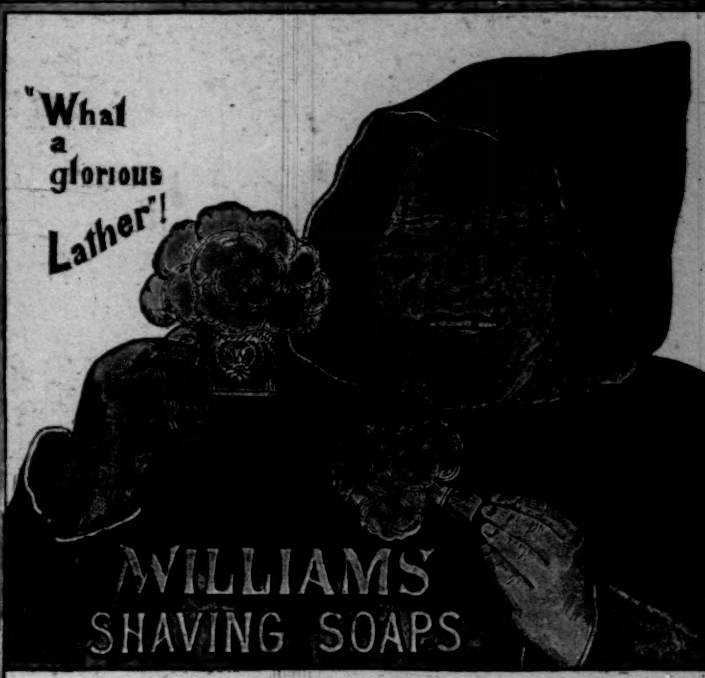

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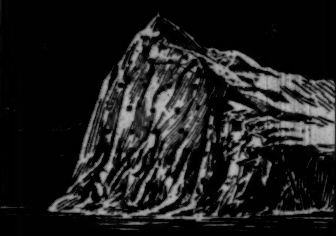

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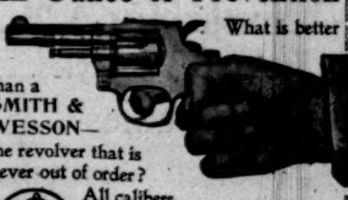

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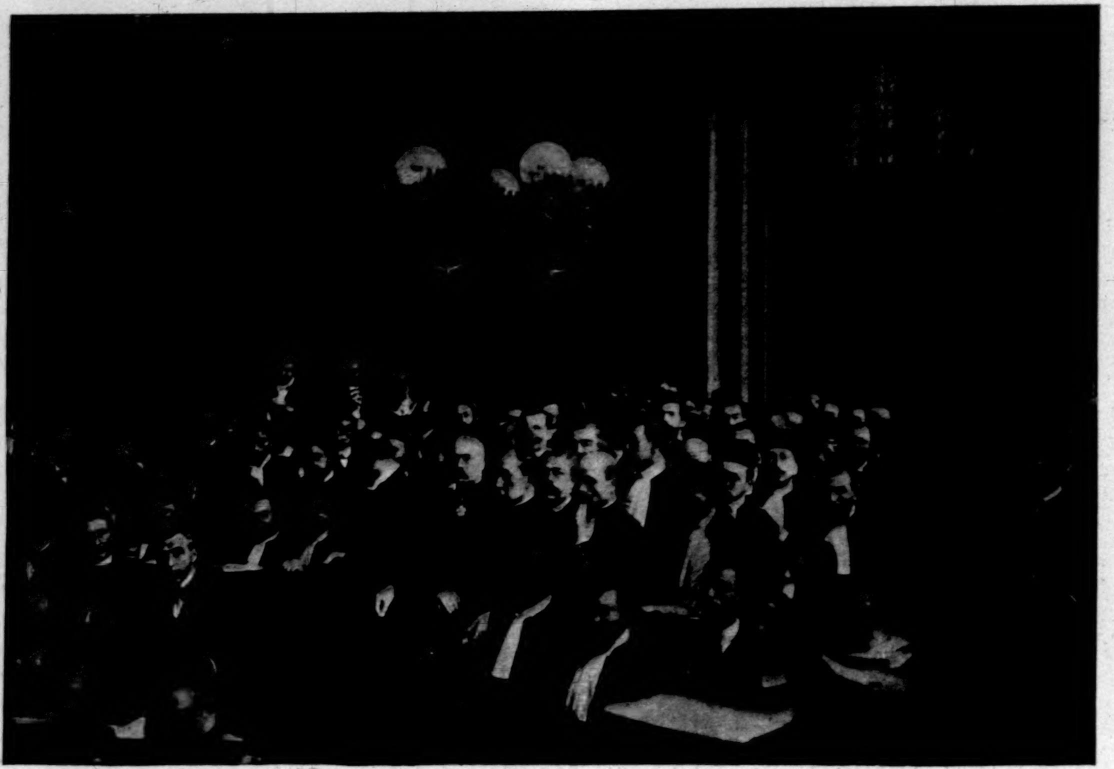

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COLONEL PICQUART'S HEARING ON THE CHARGE OF SLANDERING THE FRENCH ARMY.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 1006.]

THE FUNERAL OF AN EMPRESS.

IT was night in Vienna when the body of the murdered Empress was brought home to the old palace; flaming torches lighted the open space between the black lines of people, held back by soldiers.

A troop of Hungarian horsemen in their brilliant uniforms, a broad open space, and then came the great hearse, drawn by eight black horses. Silk-stockinged grooms in black cocked hats walked at their side. Astride the front left horse was another servant, and, on either side of the hearse, two mounted bearers of torches. The giant household guards walked in two lines on each side, broadening out the front of the procession to the curbs; mounted guards brought up the rear; and so, darkly, the Empress was brought home to the walls which, for more than three hundred years, have looked upon the sorrows and joys of the royal family. "Nothing has been spared me. I had hoped that the jubilee year would pass in peace," said the Emperor, when this last grief came to him.

Early upon the morning after the arrival of the funeral train the streets about the palace were busy with preparations for the crowd, which had begun to gather in line to file past through the chapel where the body lay in state. The sidewalk was blocked with people held in by mounted policemen; for hours they stood packed tightly, the sun burning down on their heads; women fainted, as usual, and the struggle continued all day and part of the next. Inside the chapel the air was still and heavy with the perfume of flowers and the smoke of dozens of large candles arranged about the coffin and throwing into relief the figures of the guards, who stood like statues, with spear and sword. The Hungarians were given the post of honor at the head of the coffin, and in their bewildering splendor looked unreal; with large fur busbys from which rose a great plume, a leopard-skin thrown over the left shoulder, red uniform completely covered with gold lace and decorations, a crape sash across the breast, and glittering sword held rigid, they were like two wax-work figures, as far as movement was discernible.

Giants with long spears, immense white-plumed helmets, red tunics with white facings, tight white leggings with enormous boots half-way up the thigh—the inner palace guards—stood next in rank; and the outer palace guards, in black-plumed helmets, black tunics, and swords, completed the picture. The plain people wound around in solemn line, passing without pause, and gazing their fill at the splendors relieved in the candle-light against the jet-black hangings of the chapel.

The final funeral procession wound out of the palace at four o'clock in the afternoon, after a great deal of elaborate preparation and coming and going of priests and nobles, lackies and civil functionaries.

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By Archibald R. Colquhoun

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THE FUNERAL PROCESSION LEAVING THE PALACE.

THE BODY LYING IN STATE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE HOFBURG.

SOME PICTURESQUE FIGURES AT THE FUNERAL.

THE CLOSING CHAPTER IN THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS—SCENES AT THE FUNERAL OF ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN VIENNA.

As the route was a very short one, there was a dense mass of people packed at every accessible point. I was fortunate enough to secure an excellent view, through the courtesy of Consul-General Hurst and the Mutual Insurance Company officials. Large sums were offered for points of view, and the police insisted upon having the record of every one allowed at any window overlooking the procession. The formation was similar to the night arrival, except that there were added a great number of church dignitaries, who led the line, followed by representatives of the city guilds, dressed in evening clothes and carrying ancient banners. The most picturesque figures of all were the Hungarians—the nobles in their black flowing gowns, and the officers in their brilliant uniforms. As a rule, the royal visitors rode in closed carriages, as the Emperor did. His was covered with crape, and was guarded by two footmen, who stood behind. The most impressive feature was the company of palace guards—those giants with spears. In their great boots and towering plumes, they moved along with an even, deliberate stride, and were the admiration of the populace, as indeed they had a right to be, for no man enters their ranks who has not distinguished himself by some act of bravery. Vienna streets were draped in black. The magnificent city seemed paralyzed by this last great sorrow to their sovereign. Only the necessary business was carried on. All amusements were given up, theatres closed. Groups of sad-faced people gathered around the simple proclamation from the Emperor, which was pasted on the walls of the public buildings, addressed to "All Vienna Folk," and announcing in the quaint old style the bereavement which had befallen him.

The body of the Empress rests in one of the plainest whitewashed old churches in the city. Indeed, all the surroundings of the old palace here are extremely plain, but the new unfinished palace is a magnificent pile, and will be finished soon; but the dream of the royal couple to occupy it in the year of their jubilee has melted away, as even the dreams of kings will vanish, and now from the flag-staffs in front of the unfinished splendor the black banners of mourning are flying.

WILLIAM BENGOUGH.

TAKE THE ARMY OUT OF POLITICS.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

This grand nation is working out its immortal purposes, and I sometimes believe it contains the great hope of mankind. We have been slowly and reluctantly dragged into a war with Spain—one which we have averted for many years, but which was sure to come.

It came, and we grappled with it. After a severe struggle Spain was whipped into seeking peace terms, and now that we can mop our heads and breathe easier for a few moments, what do we find? We find we have a small modern navy which is better and more efficient than our wildest hopes could dream. Very well; it is not tinctured with politics. At least there has not appeared on the surface any of the scheming of politics. Its operations have been characterized by straightforward professional work on the part of every one connected with the Navy Department. Every possible detail seems to have been thought out, every want anticipated. The Secretary pressed the button, and the war-ships did the rest.

We found our army in different shape. We find nothing but disappointment, nothing to be proud of except the fighting ability of the line-officers and the enlisted men. The staff corps lay peacefully down on their backs at the beginning, and generals and colonels commanding troops had to detail line lieutenants to "hustle" up necessities in the open market to keep troops from starving to death. The volunteers have had a most destructive summer in the camps of instruction, and they now clamor to be mustered out. A victorious army comes home "on its back." The administration of the War Department is hopelessly discredited before the people. The deadening hand of selfish politics is laid over all.

We are enjoying an armistice at present, and with our newly acquired islands, which we desire to hold, we have almost unanimously concluded that we must have an army.

Now what will our new army be like? Will it be built along the lines dictated by military minds thinking only of effectiveness, or will ignorant and selfish politicians create it along their own lines? I am in great doubt about this matter. I only know for certain that a politico-military system will bring disaster.

However, if we are to have an army which is to do the work expected of it properly, we must at least do the following things, and doubtless many others, or we will *not* have such an army. Of which fact you can be absolutely sure.

The general of the army, or whatever major-general commands it from Washington, must be the head of the army—not in theory, but in fact. He must be the responsible head of the army—one whom we can praise if things go well, or one whom we can condemn if things go ill.

At the beginning of this Spanish war, when we should have had so much, we had nothing. The press and Congress turned hysterically on General Miles, the head of the army. It bitterly denounced him, and bade him come forward and tell them why.

He laughed at both. He could afford to do it. There was nothing else to do. Then he explained that he knew nothing more of the administration of the army than any Congressman could find out by applying to the Secretary of War. All the heads of the staff corps reported to that quaint creature, and not to him. This has been so since Grant laid down his complete control at the end of the civil war. Sherman had, as general of the army, gone to live in St. Louis because he regarded his presence in Washington as useless and humiliating. Sheridan fought various Secretaries of War with all his ardor during his incumbency; and so it has gone on to the present time despite protests and recommendations. The generals commanding our armies, after arriving at that distinction—the result of a life-long service in every grade of the establishment—after surviving fights, marchings, hunger, disease in a dozen climates, and with characters as clean as new-washed linen, come to Washington only to find themselves thrust aside by a powerful intrigue.

The high-water mark of this condition was reached when the general commanding the army had to reply to a corps commander before Santiago that he did not supersede him; he could not supersede a subordinate! So used have our soldiers become to the political head of the army that they become grotesquely mixed in their military relation; they have lost the unities. From a military standpoint the thing is funny.

The Secretaries of War have been always prominent working politicians—to a greater extent than other cabinet members. They have, with one exception since the civil war, used the department along political lines, and even this exception jealously guarded the department prerogatives. The adjutant-general has been responsible to the Secretary alone, and has come to be regarded in the army as the real working head. The fact that the adjutant-general should be the private secretary of the general in command is a long-forgotten truth.

During all these years the generals of the army have been "jollied" into making an annual report to Congress, but they were compilations of the reports of heads of staff corps, with which the generals may have had sympathy or not. In General Miles's case, he has made many recommendations to Congress which it did not act on, but which will relieve him from responsibility in cases like the present war.

The initiative of the general of the army, its natural head, is lost. For the solicitude of the tried soldier is substituted the ignorance of politicians—men who would not know a government wagon if they saw one; men who conserve their own well-being in time of peace, and who in time of war are in a state of frantic bewilderment. The adjutant-general readily succumbs to the powers he finds at his disposal in being the under-study of the Secretary, and is usually a mere tool. A tool he should be—he is nothing else, anyway—only he serves the wrong master, if you consider the well-being of the army.

So if we are to have a proper army in the future, it should have a proper head, and to him should go the heads of staff corps, utterly subservient to his orders, and the adjutant-general should be at his elbow, performing the proper functions of an adjutant. The Secretary of the War Department should be the political head and the intermediary head between the army and the President and Congress. Then the people will know who to blame if the army is not effective.

The next important thing which must come to pass before we have a good army is "an interchangeable line and staff." This should be true of every staff corps except the medical one and possibly the paymaster's.

In regard to a general staff—or more properly a war board—it is an institution which prospers best under a czar or kaiser. It needs a monarch over it who is the head of the army above all else, and who is so independent of all hampering, and so vitally solicitous of its effectiveness, that he, kinglike, can demand the "best." To a czar or a kaiser the general staff is second only to God.

We Americans remark that the generals and admirals do best who have the worst signal-service staff-officers at their command. A wire to Washington is the *bête noire* of our commanders. It is an open secret that the best generals England sends out have always good communications, perfectly established, with the home government, but always, unfortunately, two days ahorseback in the rear. They consequently are two days away from interfering politicians who are at any time liable to become hysterical, and who, under such conditions, would not hesitate to sacrifice the reputations and lives of soldiers.

England has suffered from all the afflictions which we are going through, but time has taught her to let Kitchener go ahead in his own way. She only demands that he be successful, and not sacrifice troops unnecessarily. She has learned to let her tried soldiers do their duty without tricky little political pups getting under their legs when they are performing.

At present the heads of the staff are not responsible to the general of the army, and indeed things have so arranged themselves that they are responsible to no one, in a true sense. They do not and cannot be made to work together as the interests of the army dictate. So we have a lot of staff establishments going it higgledy-piggledy, and the poor line gets along as best it can. The idea that a staff is nothing but an arrangement to do the business of the army and to administer to its necessities is almost lost sight of. It is utterly independent of the fighting line, which it ignores, in fact. It is not necessary in these days to try and demonstrate that, for every day brings instances to our notice. It is inefficient; it does not do what is expected of it, and it sits up on its hind legs and tenders its excuses, and even tells us that it is doing what it should do very well, knowing that if it were under the direction of a commanding general he would break every "head" in Washington.

Generals who come from the "fighting line" do not know anything about "excuses." Such conveniences are unknown in that part of the army. If you do not do, you will not do, there.

If a general commanded the whole army, a President of the United States would not have to go to camps asking sick soldiers if they had food enough or medical attendance. He would be kept busy in Washington signing new commissions to the successors of the men whom a general would remove.

If a man came from Fort Adobe to do his three years' detail in a Washington staff corps, he would not go into a trance or a Rip Van Winkle nap. He would, in case he was in the Ordnance Bureau, take a most active interest in the introduction of smokeless powder. He would expect to have to personally use powder in the future, and he would bestir himself about the thing. Of course there could be no "close corporation"—it could not be "Ordnance Company (limited)"—because there would not be time to arrange that. He would not send Maxim, Whitehead, Lee, and the Lord only knows how many other geniuses, abroad to help fight us while trying to adopt their inventions for a close corporation to which he belonged. In short, he would be active instead of passive, and he would be in sympathy and in touch with the men who fire the powder, eat the pork when the thermometer is 100°, get lugged wounded from battle-fields on improvised poles instead of proper litters. He would know what it is not to be paid promptly, and if he got a quartermaster detail, he would think out some of the problems which are in the future to confront the army. If he were in the inspector-general's department, he would inspect, and "boards of survey" would be sitting on many an incompetent officer's case who should go on the retired list for physical or mental incapacity. In short, the staff would look after the line, which it does or does not at present, as the spirit moves it. Also, favoritism would have had its day, and a big bunch of coffee-cooling cripples would find their way into private life. And he would wear his uniform in Washington as a matter of pride.

These two changes would insure us effectiveness in our army, as every good and experienced soldier with whom I have talked has told me.

There should be, either at West Point or elsewhere, an infantry and cavalry school, if we are to increase our army, where officers could be turned out for those branches. It is quite unnecessary to make engineers out of such, and for many reasons I believe it is a bad thing. I know many a fellow who is ideally fitted by instinct and physique to command infantry or cavalry who would not and could not be an engineer. I could never see even a remote connection between building an iron bridge and jockeying a troop of cavalry into form.

I might go on into a hundred details regarding a proper army organization; but let a general command an army, the staff of which is alive, and they would straighten out these things, because they would be responsible, and if let alone they would know how.

Herein lies the rub. The best foreign military experts have said that we could never have a good military administration, because of the selfish and unintelligent interruption of our legislators. Dozens of men doing dozens of things at different times cannot have a policy, nor could they maintain one if they had it.

Congress is charged by the Constitution with the duty of making rules and regulations for the government of the army and navy; and it has made such rules and regulations, especially touching the care and the distribution of government property, that red tape and inefficiency are quite inevitable. The strongest executive genius that ever lived could not administer the affairs of the army of the United States in a satisfactory way unless he disobeyed the laws which were passed by Congress. The first thing that must be done in securing such a reform in military administration as will make an efficient army will be the elimination of Congressional rule. Congress must abdicate; it must give up its power over the army, which it maintains now by making such rules and regulations that efficient administration in any staff corps is impossible. Besides that, Congressmen insist upon filling the staff corps with their favorites; so that they not only prevent proper executive action through their laws, but weaken the staff by forcing improper persons upon it.

Before this war there was an apathy on the part of the people concerning the army, which was reflected in Congress, living as it did in Washington, with nothing but an inanimate staff to remind it of the army's existence; but they have seen now that we have not 125,000 militia available for war at the drum-tap; they have seen inexperienced volunteer officers let hundreds of volunteer soldiers die uselessly or become insubordinate in camps of instruction; they have seen medical, quartermaster, ordnance, and commissary staffs standing stupidly helpless in the middle of what would have been a "licking" for us had Spain been some live power; they have seen our best two generals—Miles and Merritt—shipped off to unimportant side tracks while a "king's favorite" was allowed to puff and sweat over the only important military problem thus far presented; they have seen the politician Alger set the soldier Miles aside, while he ran the war; they have doubtless observed the cunning, the astute Secretary do his own undoing, and they will conclude that there is nothing in allowing a politician to run so important a function as a foreign war when he knows nothing about such things.

It is greatly to be hoped that when Congress takes up the new army, it will not let this discredited staff influence it. What Miles and Merritt and Wade and Henry and Lawton and Chaffee and men of that kind recommend will be right.

Another fact might as well be recognized—for it is a great truth. Militia is a broken reed. History will prove to any one who cares to go into the matter that militia has never done what was claimed for it. The extreme war-like function of which militia is capable is a "month's riot duty." This statement will doubtless come as a shock to many people, but if they go carefully over the books they will reach this conclusion, upon which all soldiers, both here and abroad, are agreed. In our case, however, they must not consider our early frontier population of Indian-fighters, because these men were born, raised, and died in forest warfare, and had nothing in common with peaceful communities.

I think probably we would best retain our militia, or State police, but I deprecate the idea that it is in any sense to be taken into account when real soldier duty is to be expected.

When Congress meets, this problem must be grappled with, and if any ignorance or peanut politics gets into the consideration of it, you can bet all your personal property that "the chickens will come home to roost." An army which has to operate in our new tropical possessions must have the decayed fingers of selfish intrigue taken from its throat, or national disaster and national disgrace will come to us, in the shape of either a foreign repulse or a killing distrust at home.

In the case of volunteer regiments having incompetent officers, which generally is bound to happen, a proper inspector-general's department reporting to the general of the army will bring forth the inevitable court martial, and all such will get their "final statements" on the spot. This is one of those matters which, I said before, will take care of itself if politics are eliminated.

I have no sympathy with idle complaining of soldier suffering which one sees so much of in the pervading newspaper. A soldier gets what God sends him. Soldiers are bound to suffer, and the most elaborate system—even the German military perfection—cannot and does not expect to remove the stones and thorns from the paths of glory. That is a part of the very hard business of war; but America will be a bad ground for the recruiting sergeant if it is not thought that good generals and good staffs are going to alleviate what God sends.

I do not intend in this paper to specifically arraign either the staff or the present administration of the army. They are both dead, and I respect the dead. All soldiers—yes, and many of them in the staff corps—have known for years that everything would break down in the event of war. They knew also that it was useless to struggle for reforms until the people had witnessed and suffered from the collapse. The poor old neglected "line" has gone on doing its duty despite every discouragement. It is more cheerful nowadays. It knows the people will not let Secretaries or mummy staff heads or Congressmen—yea, even Presidents—trifle with an institution charged with the lives of the boys which mothers lay down on the altar of the republic.

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  Who does his plain duty each day,
The small thing his wage is for doing,
  On the commonplace bit of the way.
'Tis the average man, may God bless him,
  Who pilots us, still in the van,
Over land, over sea, as we travel,
  Just the plain, hardy, average man.

So on through the days of existence,
  All mingling in shadow and shine,
We may count on the every-day hero,
  Whom haply the gods may divine,
But who wears the swarth grime of his calling,
  And labors and earns as he can,
And stands at the last with the noblest,
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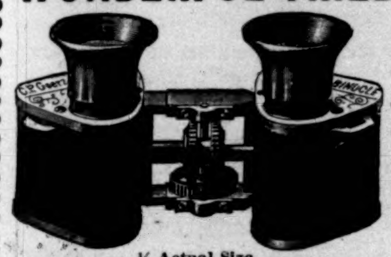

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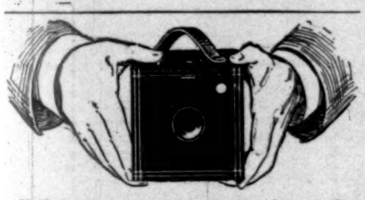

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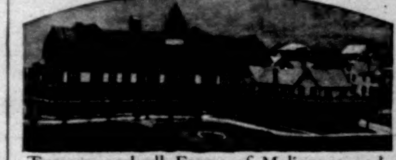

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